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L. D. J. O. Wishfelder -
with the very best wishes
of the Union
Louis J. Clark

Aug. 22. '95

THE NEW WORLD

WITH OTHER VERSE

BY
LOUIS JAMES BLOCK

NEW
OF
CALIFORNIA



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 West Twenty-third Street

LONDON
24 Bedford Street, Strand

The Knickerbocker Press

1895

TO MY
FRIENDS

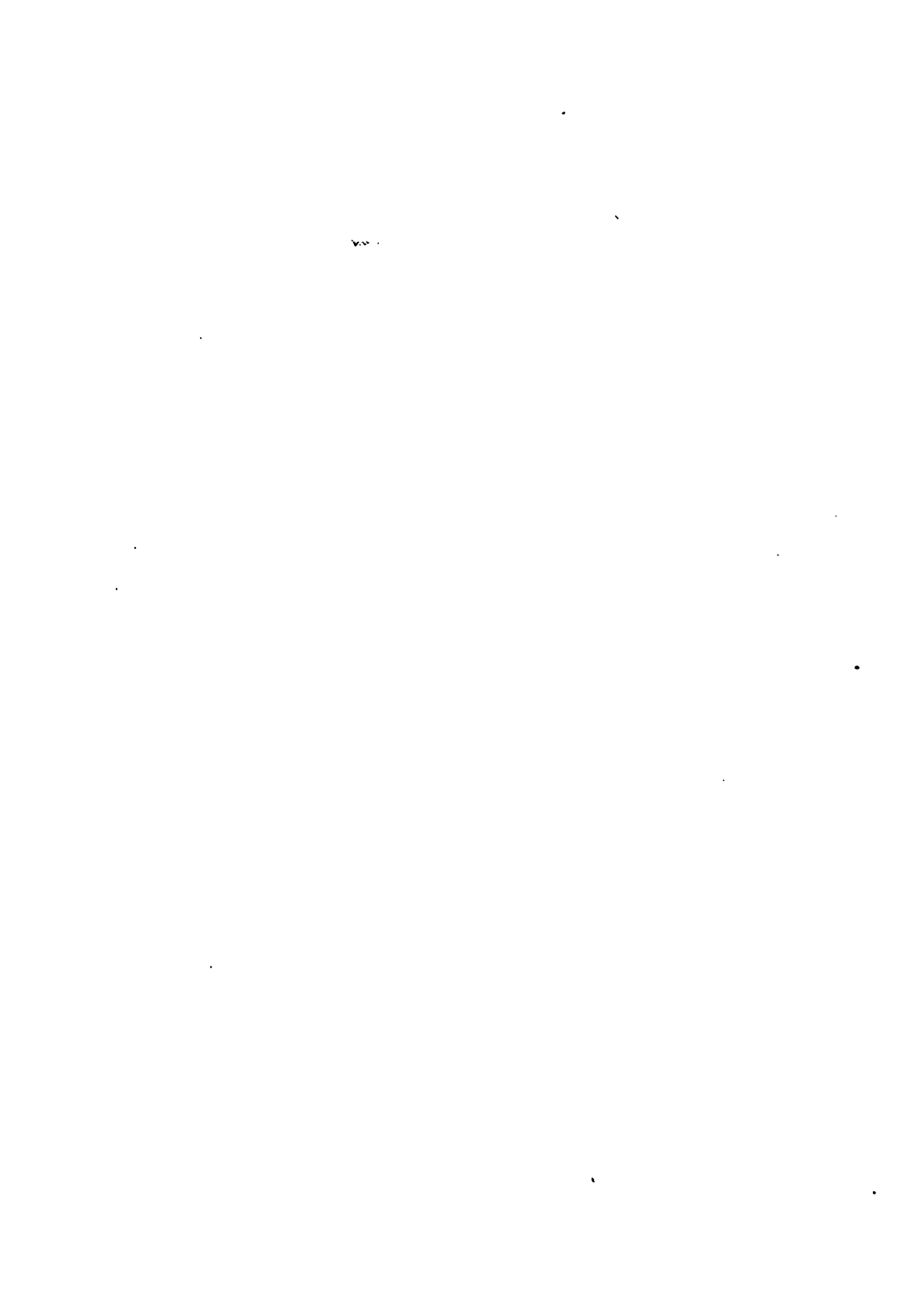
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GIFT

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

TO
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN
POET, CRITIC, FRIEND OF POETS
THIS BOOK
IS ADMIRINGLY AND LOYALLY INSCRIBED

472105



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE FAITHS	I
LAST MOVEMENT OF THE SYMPHONY. (ALLEGRO	
MAESTOSO).	19
GOETHE	21
REVELATION	42
DANTE	43
PROTAGORAS	51
PLATO	53
ORPHEUS	72
DAVID SWING	75
THE GARDEN WHERE THERE IS NO WINTER . .	78
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	79
SLEEP	82
WALT WHITMAN	84
DRINKING SONG	87
ALICE CARY	88
EPICEDUM	89
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN	91
AT EVERY CRISIS	93
ROSES	97
THE NEW WORLD	99

NOTE.

The Friendship of the Faiths was read in part at the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago during the month of September, 1893.

The New World was published in the summer of 1893, and is reproduced here as it is now otherwise out of print. When it first saw the light of day, it was called *El Nuevo Mundo*, but I have thought best to translate the title.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE FAITHS



THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE FAITHS.

I.

THE voice of the Soul to the Great and High :
 " I know you for Life of my life,
I know you for Light of mine eyes,
I long for your infinite calm ;
Forth from the storm and the strife,
The rumor of days and the blackness of sky,
The rush of the manifold cries,
I would fleet to the realm where hope
Finds builded and shaped her uttermost scope,
To the region afar where your touch and brow
Fill all the winds with perfume and balm,
The towers not wrought of hands,
The heart's imperishable now,
The achievement's marvellous lands.
I know from your bosom I came,
Your secret of love and of flame ;
I long through the cloud-swept passage of night
For the clear resurgence of you and of light ;
I feel your breath on my deepest of will ;
I know you near whatso darkness I tread,
I see you beside my sleepless bed,

4 *The Friendship of the Faiths.*

I answer your life and its wondrous thrill.
 Through all the ages' turmoil have I yearned to
 you,
 Through all the periods have I prayed to you,
 From depth of strangest sorrows have I burned to
 you,
 From farthest paths my supplications have been
 made to you.
 How have I ever sought you,
 Down what dim streams and through what mountain
 passes,
 The flight of the bright sun across the stretching
 skies,
 In meadow lands amid lush grasses,
 In mine own chasms of aspiration,
 And loftiest thought's world-circling peace ;
 Yet in what shape soe'er I wrought you,
 Calling upon you with what pain-impassioned cries,
 Seeking your height of shining pure release
 From agony of limitation,
 I knew you for the goal and end
 To which my feet must ever wend,
 I knew you, O Transcendent One,
 As Heart of hearts and Soul of souls,
 Unchanging, perfect, golden-same,
 Master of death and victory won
 Over dark grief that speeds and rolls,
 Helper and Guide and Firm to tame
 The surging nations to your pregnant Will,
 The Strength beneficent that throbs and beats
 Through space's vastness and must still

Past winter's snows and summer's heats
Lead to the many-portaled city where
You are the glowing and the girdling air,
Spirit's attainment and the unison
Of all you love in joy's completeness unbegun !”

II.

Response from the uttermost deeps :
“ Children of mine are you all,
I bore you forth into the void,
Forth into Time's unresting hall
Where the wind of change leaps up and sweeps,
Where day arises and night is destroyed,
Where the myriad song awakes and rings
Of the wide divisive universe of things ;
I bore you, my manifold sons,
In a stream that unceasingly runs ;
I gave you my whole of being
For your behoof and mastery and seeing ;
Yea, I gave you the veriest soul of me,
The innermost might of completeness and self,
The strength that binds forever in one
All in the world that is thought and done,
The source and the promise of liberty !
You shall be more than blossom or elf,
More than the patient growths of the field,
More than the music the great seas yield,
More than the suns around which dance
The jubilant planets, yea, more
Than gods who know not anguishings sore

And dwell forever in dalliance
With heaven's own glories, unproven, untempted ;
You shall arise to spirit and truth
Out of the stark sheer darkness of nought,
Your destiny woven and wrought
By strength of will that glows dirempted,
But gladly given to the Will that is mine ;
Lo ! from the world's beginning and youth,
Throughout its latter wonder and glory,
The joyous, the growing, the dominant story ;
Clearer the light and the life of me shine,
Brought to divinest returning splendor,
My sons becoming myself as attender
On the fire that is centre and mid,
On the glow that am I and God,
A rebuilding fair of the life that was hid
In every struggling period,
The soul self-fashioned and an offering free
On mine altar, Freedom, not Mystery ! ”

III.

Through the broad field of Time
The rush and the tumult ran ;
Subtle and deep the voice from the holier clime
Spoke in the heart of battling man.
Clad in the soiling bondages of earth
He felt within him the surge of a nobler birth.
The smallest flower that grew,
The winds that veering and careering blew,
The stars that covered the midnight sky,

The sun in his fiery triumph on high,
Murmurs that came from his innermost heart,
Glimpses that shone he knew not whence,
His own life's gradual pre-eminence,
His thought's and his will's sure sovereignty,
Woke him to knowledges fair of all that was yet to
be.

The mighty message was the grander part
Of everything that lived and toiled and sang,
And everywhere the stronger music rang,
An all-enveloping glory of revelation
That should at last bring each uplooking genera-
tion

Into the circle its benigance made,
A rich wide chorus which should purely be
The constant voice of wise Divinity,
The purpose which so long had played
About the slow-unfolding soul
Risen to clearness and at length,
In its white beauty and its strength,
Showing the union of the whole,
Which life and time must always serve,
Freedom and worship and calm chastity,
Suffering borne that the good might be,
The golden sweep, and clasping curve
Wherein sweet justice holds all men,
The single truth that sees its perfectness
Holding the world as with a soft caress,
Love that is Manhood finished,
Life that is Master of the quick and dead !

IV.

Therefore began the Search,
Lit by the light within,
From the depth and darkness of sin,
From the foulness of earth and the smirch,
To the high white pureness that has forever been ;
Heavy the weight of the world upon them,
Glamour and gloom of the outer have won them,
Yet the sure instinct turns
To a fire that fadelessly burns,
Above and beyond and spiritual-clear
And tender amid the revel of fear ;
The rocks and the trees and the serpentine coils
Hold them amid their toils,
But the flame shines white
Above all forms of sense or sight ;
The sun and the day through shine and cloud
Bear onward their dreams fulfilled of tears,
And the light-flecked sea's still fluctuant crowd
Tosses afar their hopes and their fears ;
The ghost-world of the dead
Glimmers and glowers with lure and with dread ;
The miracle of the strife
Appals with the savage exuberance of life ;
Service and song and pain
Seem the grim paths unto gain,
And high in the winds and the air
Images rise both sombre and fair,
Mixtures of man and of things,
Monstrous gods and pure,

Splendors about whom all life sings,
Horrors that may not endure,
Growth, beginning, movement, and change,
Death, and sleep, and fleetnesses that range,
Circles on circles of strange divinities,
Worship than these that yet wilder is ;
But over them and above
Hovers the hope of Love,
And the crescent white Light within
Promises itself and release from the lessening base-
ness and sin.

v.

O mother of nations, vast and visionary,
Asia, whose teeming loins sent both to South and
North
Your myriad wanderers forth,
Toward the great hope that glows and may not
vary
Your strong and elemental gaze was sent.
Beside the gentler-moving waves of the great sea
Your worshipping sons were fixed and bent
Before the Law's serene inviolable majesty,
And Fatherhood shone forth ennobling and sub-
lime,
Monarch amid the weaknesses of Time ;
The grandeur of the large ancestral past,
The deathless force of all the things that were,
Over your children their divineness cast
And patient rest in power that cannot err.

O dreaming mother, yet on high afar
And past the dimmest and remotest star,
Your eyes beheld the vision of the lonely calm,
That was to restlessness a lure, to agony a balm ;
You found the way of prayer and abstinence and
thought
By which the freedom from the body could be
wrought,
The mid of contemplation where arise
The peace and silence of the painless skies ;
Yet others of your sons sought more than peace ;
Nobility, a flame at war with night,
Sent them on conquest's paths, bringing release
To multitudes not wakened to the sight
Of central radiance guiding all aright ;
And others roamed the crested, haunted seas,
Hoping somewhere to fathom life's dark mysteries ;
And Egypt, who was yours, sat questioning
What the cold voiceless grave might bring ;
And others saw within the Spirit's lustrous deeps
The pure Transcendent One, who ever keeps
In arms of sleepless providence
The wavering soul's pre-eminence ;
And on your vision glowed the miracle,
That holds the universe in omnipresent spell,
The region of the Eternal where all hearts are one
In the good Father, and each heart a son,
Where life's each deed is infinite, complete,
And all are glad at gracious Freedom's feet ;
And later came the fierce triumphal march
Under heaven's variant arch

Of those who knew that Unity
Was lord and secret of just prophecy ;
O mysterious mother of us all,
In the great day that is to come,
In the great fate that must befall,
Your voice shall gird with gold the mighty Music's
sum.

VI.

Unto the westering star,
Beside the midland sea,
The pageant speeds and rolls,
The search which shatters each bond and bar,
The grasp of the joy which must forever be,
The unanimity which is the soul's.
The dream of golden manhood burst and rose,
Young Greece, victorious 'twixt the heavens and
earth,
The outer pliant to the thought that glows,
Love, Light, and Equipoise in subtle birth ;
The rhythmic pulses of the spirit keep
Equable flow with forest, hill, and dewy lawn,
The sun for an ecstatic moment in a perfect dawn
Resting unanxious for the wearying steep,—
For a brief interval, and the great toil
Builds another curve and coil
Of the self-recurrent rise
Unto the topmost skies.
Rome's tramp of armèd and relentless strength
Wakens the echoes from the North to South,

And conquest builds its passages at length
From snows unmelting unto ceaseless drouth.
The might of Will Supreme
Burns in the haughty eagle's gleam ;
Obedience firm unto the sterner law
Circles the regions with its luminous awe.
The shepherd star that beamed upon the east
Soared to a flooding sunshine and increased ;
The impassioned dweller of the forest felt
That radiance into his being melt ;
Forth from his immemorial woods Germanic
The storm of warriors sweeps titanic ;
Over the anguished tyrant-ridden world
The torrent was sent forth and hurled ;
The tumult soothed itself and life
Sprang deepened from the storm and strife ;
The inner glories woke and shone
Contrasted with the outer's pain and moan ;
Heaven's paramount spheres of sovereignty spirit-
ual
Held the roused heart in noblest thrall.
Lo ! by the wondrous midland sea
Life wove for itself a jewelled imagery,
A garb of gemmed observance and a power
That has unending labor for its dower,
A robe miraculous of song and flame and tale
Whose wearing calms all waywardness,
Having strange might to bless
And making wanton passions bend and quail ;
But where the icier stars look forth
Upon the iron north,

The revelation in its whiteness pure
Needs only its own strength to draw and to allure ;
The secret comes in mildest splendor
Unto its worshipper and attender,
The veiless Truth and all-embracing Hope
At the unclouded summit of the nation-travelled
slope ;
Yet further westward turns the expectant gaze
Across the ocean's ceaseless roar
Whence swift mysterious lightnings pour
Promises of a newer morning's blaze.

VII.

Room for the light and growth,
Room for the farthest-reaching strong desire,
Occasion's golden portals open unto all !
The speeding hours are nothing loth,
And every truth's soul-circling and soul-healing
gyre
Finds the glad skies that must befall.
Over the sea's forbidding reach and long denial
The old deliverance fleets and toils as in the past,
And once again a noble trial
Promises guerdon at the last.
The web which the weary years have fashioned
well,
The garment made by the toilers dead,
Mankind shall wear in splendor perfectèd
And peace amid them shall securely dwell.
Truth's ever-variant revelations

Like light convergent to a single point
Shall bring together the long-severed nations
And the one sacred oil shall all anoint.
Under the buoyant western sun
The latter labor is begun.
Land that throws wide the wave-swept shore,
Land that is Freedom's at your young heart's core,
Blooms from the oldest, farthest clime
Mate with your winds and blend in rhyme.
Room for the light and growth,
The seasons no longer are loth !
The mingling of lights in the struggling earth
Sends the white radiance from its luminous girth,
Light unto Light above,
And Love unto Supreme Love,
The union of souls in conscious Soul,
Reflex of Spirit and living prayer
Surging to heaven's uttermost pole
Through the divided rejoicing air,
Worship wherein all Time takes part,
Fulfilment, Attainment, Destiny Fair,
Divinity's vital, omnipotent art,
Freedom that holds the world in thrall,
The stainless wonder, God all in all !

VIII.

Under the summer's latter skies, within the age's
latter years,
The friendship of the Faiths is sealed, the triumph
over doubts and fears ;

From the four quarters of the calmèd winds the di-
verse travellers come,
Patient to hear the voice of Truth, to hold the
Quest's ungarnered sum,
Over the world's unquiet realm to rise and pene-
trate afar
Into the mid of spiritual powers that rule the sun
and every star ;
For round the whirl and toss of things, above the
tumult and the din,
Perfect and pure and prevalent, the true gods dwell
the spirit within,
The realm of the ideals great where life is ever
clear and whole,
And God himself in perfectness is mixed and joined
with every soul.
The suffering and the bitter tears of all the hours
that gloomed and moaned
Shine there like jewels fixed and part of ecstasy
that sits enthroned.
There every life is young and strong with the whole
realm's transcendent might
And darkness is but as a change from light to more
alluring light.
The wondrous truths that came and dwelt in visi-
tations far and sweet
Like messengers from very God to soothe despair
and rouse defeat,
While struggling man climbed up the mount and
faltered by the anguished way,
Have ever known that region's calm and golden un-
diminished day,

Eternal, incorruptible, Godhead before that regnant
God
Arose the master-life of space, and maker of each
period,
Serene, divine, the source of everything, the subtly
permeant air
That girds and welds the whole with gradual music
of the ever fair.
Spirit wherein the reconciliation gives the victory
to all
Unto your looming home we pass and freely are
your bond and thrall ;
For you are Freedom and who freely yields his
deepest life to you
Becomes as one clothed on with Time and mighty
as the morning new ;
Unto that goal Truth's pilgrims stern have always
turned and there have known
The heart of the white Mystery that on true hearts
has ever shone ;
And the religious glow a part of the one Faith su-
preme, sublime,
That has nor severing height nor depth, nor differ-
ence of age or clime ;
The Search has been a part of it, and felt within
the small as great
The passionate beneficence of a transfiguring golden
fate
That was in everything, in cloud and sky, in death
and darkest sin,
The ceaseless potent miracle that wrought the
nobler life within.

This is the storied Citadel to which the Paths have
wound and led,
This is the glorious finished toil for which the Deed
has striven and bled.
Here in these latter sounding years the voice is
heard poured from the sky,
"All men are children of great God and not a child
of his shall die!"
Here in the Parliament of Faiths is seen the trust
that knows all men
Born of that loftiest realm, and strong as Truth's
unquestioned denizen.
For in the soul all paths are one, and every pathway
must be trod
To find that region's myriad dells, whose rounding
wholeness is high God ;
And every light that shone soe'er is part of that
o'ermastering Light
Which every man must make his own, as regent of
his certain sight.
Here is the conclave catholic, which speaks the
reconciling truth,
Seeking the ageless permanent life that smiles
above in blissful youth,
The conclave that is one with aims that were when
worlds and stars were nought
Save as they slept and trembled fair within the
sempiternal thought,
The just belief, the worship meet, all revelation's
fount and source,
The light-veiled chaste nobility whence History
drew its curving course.

Life grows divine, hope's goal is won, when the
Eternal opens wide
His music-hinged gates and through and through
the world is Heaven's own bride,
When the great Faiths clasp hand and say they are
the clear Transcendent One's
Who will not change whatever ways are those of
the time-travelling suns.
Lo ! search has been his life within the pulsing
secret life of man
And hope his blood of reddest hue that through
the anguished heart-beats ran,
And in the circle of his hands benign shall rise the
Temple fair
Wherein mankind from every star shall speak his
name and breathe his air.

LAST MOVEMENT OF THE SYMPHONY.

(ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.)

THE hushed and all-expectant air is cloven
By the low throbbing violins' golden murmur,
And one by one the mellow tones are woven
Into a song that firmer grows and firmer.

The dullard cares that all our day infested
Have fled like mists before the music's sun,
And fallen hope re-arises and invested
With glow of life that is as triumph won.

What is the land to which the dream invites us ?
What the awakening thrilling through and
through us ?
Has Heaven a strength than this that more delights
us ?
A fervor that can more than this renew us ?

Instrument after instrument sweeps exultant
Into the harmony growing ever grander,
And the large joy that is the chief resultant
Becomes life's sovereign and divine commander.

20 *Last Movement of the Symphony.* .

The rush and tumult of unfettered passion
Faded away in solemn adjuration,
And bliss was born in bright miraculous fashion
Out of the pain and scornful incantation.

The melodies half-uttered, stammering, broken,
Complete at last and wondrously united,
Obey the central song's soft luminous token,
And are as those whom Heaven itself has
plighted.

The whole world's victory dwells in that heard
splendor,
The end attained for which the Movement
yearns,
And we, made part of it and tranced attender,
Know with what purpose all great feeling burns.

Which is the true and which the permanent real,
The daily pageant fleeting past our eyes,
Or this ascent and mixture with the ideal,
Whereinto he best lives who deepest dies ?

Yea, song is more than we who love and hear it,
And life is greater than the hours that fly,
And music-winged we ever speed more near it,
The dream that larger is than earth or sky.

GOETHE.

GOETHE.

I.

INTIMATE strength of the mist-veiled beginning,
Will-winged purpose whose measureless flight
Past life's pain and the failure of sinning
Seeks the high goal beyond hearing or sight,
Into your passion of hope and attainment,
Into your speed and glory of light,
I would be borne and whither the gain went
Follow and see the City arise
Answering the glow of Eternity's skies.
Far off I hear the dim-toned murmur,
Song that began before Time was,
Growing each breath more gracious and firmer,
Clear with the bliss, its parent and cause,
Song that has ever been deed and achievement,
Heart of the labors that built up for man
Wondrous release from the bond and bereavement
That mocked the gropings of tribe and of clan,
From the good gods poured forth and descended,
Soul of the victory certain to be,
Heaven and earth mysteriously blended .

In one wide-wandering harmony.
Ever the voice of the Noble has sounded
Through the large reaches of vanishing Time,
Ever the Hope been promised and groundèd
In the sun-mastered and permanent clime.
Through the vague glooms of the Fate that allured
him,
Through the chill night of defeat and despair,
Song has arisen on man and assured him
Somewhere beyond was the light-swathèd air.
Around him has always a mystical region been
woven,
Fashioned of tones from the poet-struck lyre,
Always the winds have been severed and cloven
By the shaped music of the deathless desire.
World of the singers, immortal, eternal,
World of the spirit that flashes the clearer,
Changeless in change, divinely completed and
vernal,
Truer than of old and passionately nearer,
We would partake of your marvellous blisses,
World that is closer and dearer than this is.
Forth from our strange and growing forgetfulness,
Forth from the noises that laugh and deride you,
Forth from the bitter regretfulness
Wherein we are bound because of the many who
denied you,
We fleet and again the transfiguring Ideal
Lifts its white walls around and before us,
Taking to itself the splendor-crowned real,
Bringing us peace and new calm to restore us.

II.

What is the secret that has ever been ringing,
Through the wide air since the world was young?
Hearken! Afar the glad thrilling singing
From the dim depths of the mystery sprung!
Yea, the mighty and manifold witnesses
Speak the same message in many a tongue,
Bend the same truth with soft yielding fitnesses
Unto the heart with questionings wrung;
And though to-day the duller-brained scoffer
Scorns the clear music as aimless and cold,
Yet be assured from the infinite coffer
Grandeurs are taken just as of old.
Poesy now as in days long ended
Points to the realm that is freed from Time's chains,
One with deep thought that has purely trans-
cended
Earth and her ever mutable gains.
Into that region I venture to enter,
Commune there with those who have been
Guide to all men and heaven-sent mentor
On the way upward we are striving to win.
Faint though the words I utter before men,
Yet am I certain they fell from the lips
Strongest of those who have lived to restore men
Out of the night we walk and eclipse,
Him of old Greece, and the dark-browed Italian,
England's great master, all-grasping and bold,
Bringing each in his swift-sailing galleon
Untold treasures of spiritual gold.

Take therefrom and their hands that proffer
Jewelled leaves for his serene brow,
Latest of angels, whose subtle dreams offer
Latest of lights on the paths we tread now.

III.

Deep as the encircling flood of the self-returning
ocean,
Holding the earth in embrace, perfumed and
large and strong,
Calm in many-colored resplendence and fierce in
commotion,
Life-giving ever and source passioned of pulses
that long
Still to behold arise the nobler and loftier frui-
tions,
Where the ideals may dwell secure from sorrow
and wrong,
Sea up-bearing the ships full-freighted of hopes
and their missions,
Out of the mist-clad eld sweeps the impetuous
song,
Song of the hero holding the half-formed world in
his eager
Purposeful grasp that moulds fair to the race's
behoof,
Bastioned towers of the soul against the strengths
that beleaguer,
Rising dim Nature above, holding grim Night
aloof.

Freest and joyfullest of voices, filled with the
mirth of the morning,

Part of the life that is, life that has overcome
death,

Thorough this land of ours and dreams that leap
past the scorning

Pour the glow of your life-kindling service and
breath.

Once more on the high quest we move not east-
ward but westward,

Western realm of the east, home of the gods and
sun,

Winning the heavenly beauty and passing evermore
blestward,

Toiling through day and through night till the
vast work be done.

Herald you of the march of the nations and des-
tiny-forecaster,

Pointing the way unto men, knowing the far-
gleaming goal,

Wisdom-gatherer and giant of laughter and clear-
eyed master,

Bringing as gift to the free life that is lovely and
whole.

Far across the weary centuries' tumult and anguish
Back we turn unto you, light's deep essence and

heart,

Rousing our hearts from the fears wherewith we
are burthened and languish,

Bathing ourselves in you, fountain of beauty and
art,

Knowing your hand will help us to weave the
crown and the laurel
Made for your brother and peer, one of the lofty
line,
Poets and sceptred kings whose words are the force
and the moral
Wherewith the earth is glad, wherewith her pure
eyes shine.

IV.

And lo ! the lord of Spirit's wondrous regions,
The deeper glories and the inner splendor,
The ecstasies that rise in golden legions
Before the suffering-cleansed and strong-souled
wender
Through the new lands ; he voices these divinely,
And the result that is the act's attender
He urges ever on the hearts who bend supinely
In passion's onslaught, and the tense confession
That brings the sun looking forth more benignly
After the tempest's horror and obsession.
The steep descent shows love behind its
glamour,
And freedom knows from a superb repression
How darkness grows self-conqueror and tamer ;
Lo ! upward leads the star-watched mountain
singing
Where blame becomes its own relief and blamer,

And strenuous wisdom speeds and smiles in
bringing
Message from life's last peak and light-veiled in-
most ;
Then gazing on those soft strong eyes and
clinging,

Flight to the Rose where they are chief and win
most

Who have been least amid earth's weary pastime !
Seer of the Hope whose strengthening rule has
been most

Longed for throughout all History's spiring vast
time,
When the Achievement shines in its best glory
That was at first and shall be in the last time,

What you beheld from your high promontory,
The Empire and the Church in joy united,
We all shall know as purport of the story,

And on the earth delighting and delighted
The twain shall be as those whom love has plighted.

v.

Forth from the Spirit and again to earthward,
Leaps the great art that took for its domain
All forms of action and sped ever mirthward
From its own visions of fierce woe and pain.
Bold kings and lords and ladies fair and golden,

Creatures of air and those whose homes are
flowers,
The passions mad of ages past and olden,
The clear delights of woven forest bowers,
Are born anew into the song's high clangor,
And every deed is more because the soul
That pours itself into its joy or anger
Seems gifted with the largeness of the whole.
So one man is the sphere's compeer and equal,
Life's total self complete and its own sequel.

No builder he of fancies ; deep and serious,
Amid the pomp and very revelry,
The sovereignty of justice grand, imperious,
Shows what life's movement must forever be.
The victory of Right amid the direful
Conflict of rights, rooted, it seemed, as rock
Fronting the sea's upheave condign and ireful,
The storm's dense-clouded and impetuous shock,
Held his gaze fixed and firm ; and on his vision
The sunset peace that comes to spirit glad
With conquest of itself and just decision
How dear the fate its blest remorse has had ;
All earth's contents and furies made resplendent
Since seen Eternity's friend and close attendant.

VI.

Past are the ages
Rejoicing in rages
Of storm and battle

And thunder-rattle
Of conflict fierce and pale ;
Now peace elater,
Despair-dissipater,
Grander and greater,
Calms passion and wail.
Hear the world calling
In accents enthralling
On the miracle-worker,
Exórcist and King
Of the darkness-lurker,
The weirdly menacing
Destroyer and slayer
Of hopes that are fairest
And dreams that are rarest.
Master and player
On harp that rings clearly
With message that trances
The listener sheerly
In wide-reaching glances
And sun-woven visions
Driving derisions
Like clouds from its pathway,
He comes and the thunder,
Over and under,
Of morning and glory
Rolls down Night's wrath-way,
And renewed is the story
Of joy and success
And the strength that must bless.
The new world arises,

The peace-world and labor,
The love of the neighbor,
The end of the night time,
The death of disguises.
Heard are the voices
Whose spirit rejoices,
Spirit of the bright time,
And the white morrow
Makes flee the sorrow
Of scorn and passion
In miraculous fashion,
Of falchion and armor,
Of craft, the old harmer.
He comes, the dispeller
And fate-compeller.
Vanish glooms that darken,
Vanish helmet and morion,
Hearken, oh, hearken,
We see him and hear him,
We watch and we near him,
The true Euphorion—Euphorion !

vii.

He was the true man
Freedom-awakened,
He was the new man
With thirst unslakened
For the great dreams from the bright skies pouring,
Skies of the Future
Whose higher concavities

Rose over the past and its many depravities
With loftier divinities for nobler adoring,
And joining with suture,
Marvellous and golden,
Worships to be and those that were olden.
And first the time-hallowed barriers,
Soul-wounding and harriers,
He spurned from before his ways
And the woes which they bore his days.
No limits should be for him
Save those which he made,
No alien eyes see for him
The truths in their braid
Of light-woven mystery
Under flaming all life and the movement of history.
Heaven-scaling his ardor and fire
And quenchless the force and the flight of desire,
Till on that grim night shone forth the sun
And his earliest labor was done,
For he saw that the unending rigor
Of Freedom lay in obedience and vigor.
Then his heart leaped forth to the spirit that stole
Through natural forms, through night and through
day,
Forever attaining its purpose and goal,
And then speeding onward and still away.
The web of the veil
Wherein stars are robbed
He tore and sundered,
And the silver far gleaming garment and mail
Within which planets are globed

Knew its secret discovered and wondered.
The rocks and the flowers,
The teeming miracle of life,
The splendors arisen from tumult and strife,
The ceaseless toil of the procreant hours,
His swift thought tracked and he knew the rhyme
Which is the controlling purport of time.

VIII.

The fierce and impassionate eyes of swift youth
forever are blinded
By search for love and its beauty, eager and full
of haste,
The world of the morning gleams gold to the rest-
less and myriad minded,
The softly uprolling mists hide hollow afar and
waste.
Those eyes are filled with strange fire and give
everything for dower
A glory and glow that seem of more worth than
all else beside,
The phantasm of life arises whose lingering magical
power
Fleets slow as a dream which the heart would
cling to and not be denied.
Forth from these shows of the senses and out of
these moods that hold us,
Wandering within a maze of flower and river and
hill,
Strange potent enchantments that lure and wizard
joys that enfold us,

Making our souls but a plaything and fettering
our purposeless will,
Hard are the sinuous pathways and weary-footed
to follow,
Cold grows the ether around us, and lonesomer
far the height,
Where our own voices grow alien, our words sound
distant and hollow,
And the high sun showers forth a warmthless
dislumined light.
Yet over the difficult steeps and through the strait
mountain passes
Winds the long search for the plain where the
true fatherland shines,
Sweeter then ever before and deep with the wind-
swept grasses,
Lovely and subtle and clear, fresh with the per-
fume of pines.
And lo! the truth is around us, our eyes are freed
from illusion,
All we have lost is there, friend and lover and
hope,
Weak and pulseless and faint seems the vehement
storm-winged confusion
Against which once on a time we had found it so
hard to cope.
Now every toil is sweet, now we are ruler and
master,
Now we are ready to bow in the fine reverences
three,
And the swift flight of time, hurtling on fast and
yet faster,

Gives up its innermost soul pure of its darkness
and free.
You have we followed, O Poet, and wondrous
weaver of stories,
You who have fathomed and known every wild
change of the way,
All its shadows and glooms, its reaches and out-
looks and glories,
And after the leaden-houred night the burst of
the golden day.

IX.

Who shall say the past has perished, who shall say
that Greece is dead?
Nay, as living as the present, ancient thought with
ours is wed.
Backward fleets the sleepless longing, sees the
subtly moulded beauty,
Gods of everlasting laughter, joyance lord of life
and duty,
From the effort and the struggle, from the labor
yet unfinished,
Backward to the task completed, art that lives yet
undiminished.
As we now are groping, searching, hoping for the
exaltation,
He too sought from toils barbaric bright and happy
liberation.
Can we then slip off the garment woven by the
strong time-spirit,

Know again the young Apollo, seek his splendor
and dwell near it ?
All this Gothic grotesque clamor leave for serene
morning song
Dropping from the very heavens, silver clear and
wondrous strong ?
He rejoiced in the achievement, brought to life the
buried treasure,
Felt again the ancient sorrow, knew again the
ancient pleasure,
Heard the priestess speak in Tauris words of cheer,
divine consolement,
And the furies fled defeated subject to love's high
controlment,
Deeper sought in strangest caverns secrets whose
command embraces
History's every onward movement, worlds that
dwell in variant spaces,
Found the realm of the Idea, fountain of the lives
divisive,
Showering fates that rouse the peoples, bringing
ills to scorn derisive,
And by many a winding pathway sought the clue
and surely found it
Which led back restored Helen, beauty and the
glow around it,
Art and splendor re-created, nobleness reclothed in
form,
Half more than the overwholeness, moderation
after storm,
Classic, crystalline and finished, poems statue-like
and pure,

Thoughts as round as singing planets fixed in words
that must endure,
Being fashioned in such manner that their substance is eternal,
All their elements free from weakness, perfect-colored, perfumed, vernal.
Yet not here the climbing spirit can find peace nor long make pauses,
Leaping over loveliest limits, onward pressed by deepest causes,
Not with truths that shine resplendent in a realm of sharp exclusion,
But the energy that can master shifting hosts of dire confusion,
Hold them bound by strong devices, make them take the bit and harness,
Drive through charm of gardened nearness, sweep through mystery of farness,
Form as thought self-balanced, moulded, ocean-lustrous and sonorous,
Goth and Greek at last united, gift the greatest Time yet bore us.

x.

Whither may the flight of the spirit be taken ?
Lo ! it arises higher and higher,
Spurning the ground ; its melodies waken
Girt by the morning's enveloping fire.
What is beyond there
In the clear blueness ?

Tree of life lifting a wind-swayed frond there,
Growth into ever more heavenly newness ?
Or is the void in that luring dim distance,
And sheer defeat the end of existence,
Closing around us
Limitless limits that bound us,
The unvoiced realm of the Mystic Unknowable
Where Thought cannot be and no seed is sowable ?
Nay, do you hear him mocking behind you ?
Now he comes forth with leer and with sneer ;
This is the fate that the years have designed you,
Darkness incarnate is palpably near.
Now for the grapple
With bated breath !
Who wins the apple
Of life and of death ?
This is the field where the battle is keenest,
This is the day that must surely be won,
Victory here wears laurel the greenest,
Now shall the deed for the whole world be done.
We join them in the weary search
And leave behind the home and church,
The impetuous impulse and the daring
We two can feel burning and bearing
Our very souls into that longing
Struggling past pain and all its wronging.
Ah, how the agony tears and shatters,
Ah, how the will o' the wisp fleets and flatters !
Yet he who ever strives must find exemption,
And sorrow work its own redemption.
Hark ! the voice of Margaret calling

Down from the heights of pardon falling !
Over the mountain fell and past re-awakened
Greece
The journey speeds to find release ;
And there beside the deep-toned sea,
Forth from the wave emerges all that is to be,
Love, being conqueror, brings the deed, the vision,
ecstasies,
And servant held forever downward sinks dark
Mephistopheles.

XI.

He only wins his freedom truly,
Who daily wins it fresh and fair,
He only ever rises newly
Into the regions of the purer air
Who falters not for blame nor praise,
But lives in strenuous and victorious days.
Past the times that bore and held him
Looked the gray poet with his quenchless gaze,
Some dear vision hovered and compelled him
Toward the Future's sunnier ways.
Over the ocean's welter westward
Sped his hope and strengthening thought,
Where each tenth wave rolled higher to crestward
Even as Fate rose nobler wrought.
You, O prairied land Hesperian,
Better than older continents,
Will know to gather fire
From the empyrean's strong desire,

And souled with the passion once Iberian,
Show forth the life to which all Time consents.
From the verge and lofty highland
Where the aged poet stood,
Past fair France and England's white-cliffed island,
In his last prophetic mood,
Hitherwards he turned and brightened
With the young land Freedom-lightened,
Hope's superbest dedication
Of each part unto the Whole's high consecration.
Here shall be song for him,
Here shall prolong for him
All his high music the musical deed,
Mystery banishing
With dark clouds vanishing,
Onwards to lead ;
Love pure, etherial,
Master and King,
Power crowned, imperial,
Victory must bring,
Glad to beseech of us
Gentleness, strength,
Showing to each of us
Heaven at length !

REVELATION.

THE booming bee, the wild, bold rover,
 Flutters from roses white to red,
Now pauses, and then floats quite over
 The breeze-bent flower bed ;
The silence doubles his deep voice,
And both are but one tune—*rejoice !*

The ripples fleet across the river,
 Imprisoning the fiery gold
Which the high sun, unstinting giver,
 Into their cells has rolled ;
And all their lucence speaks and tells
Of miracles and pleasure spells.

I gaze into the sky's deep mystery,
 That circle of unfathomed blue,
That orb wherein all Time's vague history
 Finds secret record due,
And lo ! throughout its luminous rings
All rapture's sunshine thrills and sings !

DANTE.

DANTE.

WITHIN these latter years from all the sky
Thunder the trumpets of increasing storm ;
Dark shadows on the earth and waters lie,
And flickering tongues, whose messages deform
The languid, lingering hope,
Across the welkin's slope
Flash in sharp lightnings of a mocking glee
At man's defeat and thought's deep misery.

Why linger in the regions dolorous
Where path is none, and we who trod before
Grew gaunt with dreams, that beckoned us
To follow where the cloudy height was more
Engirt in heavier night,
And all the uncertain light
Shone but our faltering footsteps to deceive
And our worn hearts of their last hope bereave.

For in that valley wondrous sirens sung,
And in the heavens we saw the city's spires
Whereto our rising hopes leaped forth and clung,
And on the chaos of our young desires
A harmonizing strain
Fell, and in its dear chain

Bound us transformed, until we seemed to reach
A being's ecstasy past thought or speech.

But these were dreams (men said), and one by one
They faded, and the sun-deserted air
Shuddered above the landscape, and to shun
Its barren desolation and despair
Became an impulse strong
To bear us swift along
The stream whereon the many move and float
And strive to still their soul's supremest note.

Sometimes like ghosts the vanished visions came
And floated past our half-forgetting eyes,
Robed in the light, sad-changed, but still the same
As when they gave to morn a new surprise
Of fire beyond its fire,
And the suppressed desire
Moved in its tomb for a brief moment's space,
And half disclosed once more its youthful face.

Nay, we have not escaped the general gloom,
For through the realm wherein our hours are
past
Mutter the thunders of the bolts of doom,
And all our joy into the abyss is cast
Whereto our loftiest thought
Or vision noblest wrought
Is swept by winds that howl and madly blow
Around each spot where our slow steps must go.

Harken the voices which are our despair,
 Their tones are myriad, but their message one ;
“ Ye cannot know ; your hopes are vague as air ;
 With this life's briefest span, the whole is done ;
 The self, than prison-walls
 Mightier, the soul enthralls ;
The Mystery engirds you and the Unknown
Enfolds you round, silent as senseless stone.

“ The gods are frailest visions of the night
 Wherein the peoples wandered ere arose
The sun beneath whose fierce transfiguring light
 Our march of world-dominion onward goes ;
 The sun whose sense is this,
 That nothing truly is,
That having eyes to see we cannot see,
And having being yet we cannot be.

“ The words miraculous of the sages dead,
 The golden splendors that enchained their
 souls,
The dreams wherein the earth and heaven were
 wed,
 The flight of joy to being's utmost pole,
 All these are vain and weak
 And realms where men who seek
Find but themselves like mighty shadows cast
Upon a mountain pathway overpast.

“ The earth is all, the ceaseless whirl and toss
 Of soulless atoms in their changing play ;

Yet these we know not, for we cannot cross
The barriers which themselves did round us
lay ;
Our life is only pain,
Whose utmost hope and strain
Avail no more than bid us yield its breath
Unto the voiceless void of rest and death."

While thus we walked, clad in our dark dismay,
Comfort (we heard) waited us from afar,
Messages from the golden break of day,
And accents of a more benignant star,
Voices with power to bring
Light as an offering,
And showing water-springs and secret wells
Where health resides and consolation dwells.

We listened to the wonder-freighted words,
And on our souls a latter morning broke,
All our rapt thoughts began to sing as birds
That feel the spring within their limbs awoke,
And the tumultuous brood
Who had given us night for food
Sullenly sought their lairs within the abyss
And fouled no more our life's increasing bliss.

Our steps were led to the long-famed domain
Where ruled the austere and mighty Floren-
tine,
Whose mazes we had trod and long been fain
To know the purport of its bliss and sin,

The secret deep to read
In our most direful need
Of splendor there on loftiest peaks that shone
And songs that floated pure of pain and moan.

As by a magic touch the realm lay clear,
The dark descent we saw upheld by love,
And one by one our every doubt and fear
Melted in radiance falling from above ;
The gloomy vale of Dis
We trod, and after this
The strange and melancholy way that leads
To the Mount of Healing's green and singing
meads.

We climbed that Mount where pain is held and
sought
As expiation of the luckless deed,
We heard the hymns of deep contrition wrought,
We saw the stars that glowed for each one's
need,
We felt the mountain thrill
And knew some happier will
Had found release from its long-harbored grief
And in the Heavens its fit and sure relief.

Learning we followed as our large-eyed guide,
Empire and Might derived of natural things,
The Master of the Ancients who denied
Nought to our askings in the limitings
That circled him as law,

And after him we saw
Descend for us from Heaven's most central rose
Those eyes wherein all Godhead shines and glows.

O wondrous maiden, Thought divine and high,
Miracle and Will of God for our behoof,
O voice serene within whose potency lie
Death and dismay for all keeps us aloof
From Heaven's divinest shrine,
Our souls are wholly thine ;
Lo ! where thou leadst we follow thee and gain
The ultimate vision and the farthest plain.

Past the high Heavens, and in the Blessed Rose,
Before the Throne and Glory of pure Light,
Loving as He who loves and as who knows
The All in one supreme of love and sight,
We worship and adore,
We shall not wander more,
But, our great journeyings done and overtrod,
Mix and participate in very God.

PROTAGORAS.

FEAR, fear? After we know the very worst,
What lower deep can yawn or gloom for us?
Grown dull because we have so long been nurst
In dreams both merciless and marvellous,
We dare not look upon the simple truth,
But vex ourselves about realms sad or glad,
And wonder whether God is merely ruth,
Or if perchance He is capricious-mad.
Deign not to fear, much less descend to hope,
Within you lies the measure of the all,
Sound but the deeps of your own soul and scope,
And nothing further can your life befall,
So much beyond the whole of bliss and pain
Is that which makes the strength of these and
strain.

PLATO.



PLATO.

I.

THE imperious centuries pass and bear
Unto the vast abyss
The works diverse we deemed most fair,
The builded realms of state and law
That held our utmost awe,
Miraculous forms of worships old
Now grown as their own prophets cold,
Hopes sunlit with the impassioned bliss
Of reaching worlds more bright than this,
Songs that arose on sweep sublime
And challenged issue with old Time,
Dreams that for earthly dwelling-place
Wrought shapes of a supernal grace,
For strangely in them lurked the flaw
Which brought their fall and overthrow,
The years that all their beauty saw
Knew the slow-dealing blow on blow
That laid them low.

II.

Adown the never-pausing river,
Out to the shoreless, tumbling seas,
From under skies wherein the clear light-giver

Watches the life of men and flocks and trees,
Forth to the dark realm of the Past
Float all high things at last.
The serene stars that blaze
Across the enraptured gaze
Had their beginnings and will cease
From scattering light's increase.
What is of might to rise and say
Unto the wide impermanence,
I know thine origin and whence
The potence of thy nay ;
I hold thee as a king his realm,
And thou art weak to overwhelm
With thy large waves of ruin dire
The achievements of my strong desire.
Have human searchings found the path
That leads from regions transitory
To life that for its guerdon hath
The splendor and the glory,
Which knows but change from self to self, and
grows
By its own death more full of light,
The light of life that glows
In God's own sight ?

III.

Hard is the steep to climb,
And many have sought and lost ;
Many have hearkened to the voice of Time,
And waited while the vision crost

Their blinded eyeballs, and in weak despair
Have called upon the unechoing air
To make response to the stern anguish
Wherein their self-dazed longings languish.
Nay, they have cried, we cannot tell
The secret of the miracle ;
The painted veil is lifted never,
The things we see are strong to sever
Our hearts from feeling answering heat
From world-heart's great impetuous beat ;
Fettered we sit within the cave,
And watch the shadows fleet,
Nor is there might to save,
Unless like rays upgathered back into the sun,
Our Thought, resorbed into the Eternal One,
Falters from height of differenced life,
And freed from strife,
Sinks deep into the silence golden
Wherein the Unknown God is holden.
Far knowledge is but of the things we see,
And frail as wind-swept clouds are we ;
Children of the unenduring hour,
And circled by Time's pageant vain,
We cannot be, and yet attain
Unto that conscious grasp of all
Which holds our deepest hopes in thrall,
And gives our separate souls the immortal power
Of high conjuncture with the God for dower.

IV.

Not such thy message, sovereign of the ancient
world,
Thou whose swift soul arose
Above the line of snows,
And, through the vapors dusky curled
Above the changeful and the fugitive,
Saw'st the clear net-work of the thoughts that live,
Saw'st the Idea pierce and gild
The realms the passions build ;
The siren music of the sense
Lulled not thy sleepless vigor into indolence ;
Akin unto the far divine,
Born into time but bound not by its chains,
Knowing the mystic countersign
Which opes the Heaven's utmost plains,
Like thine own hero, the Pamphylian,
Thou heard'st the singing of the spheres,
And earthward cam'st for a brief span
To break our bondage of vague fears,
To liberate the prisoned soul,
To show the vision of the whole,
Which makes and is such visioning,
The wandering heart once more to bring
To that great splendor which the seeress knew
As Love's deep secret, and the power which drew
Men upward to the service high
Of the Eternal Goodness past the sky,
The temple of the Spirit whose effulgence glows
The Universe's all-illuminating Rose.

v.

Finder of the serene and permanent,
Beholder and the vision blent
In the ideas whose enweavings keep
Regnance on Time's utmost leap,
The wondrous union where the deed and might
Converge in one transcendent light,
Intrepid sailor of all seas of thought,
Whose fearless eyes swept all the skies,
Whose ventures mystic cargoes brought
From the farthest realm that brilliant lies
Beneath the hand of the unenvying God,
Yea, thou to whom the near was far,
Who read'st the marvel of the sod
As secret of the distant star,
Torch-bearer in the race of Truth,
And winner of immortal youth,
Slayer of time, the serpent curled
About the ancient melancholy world,
What lamp of what great sphere of life shone not
for thee,
What dwelling of what sacred Gods knew not the
wing
Of thy keen spirit's flight, what angel's voice, that
rang
With message from the isles in the dim western
sea,
Solicited not thine unswerving soul,
What music's thunder-roll,
Mixture ecstatic of the spheral throng

That weave life's wonder-song,
Received not from thy heart
More than its noblest inmost part?

VI.

Mightiest of realms, the source and end
Of all that is or is to be,
World of ideas, which the souls who see
Know as the goal whereto must wend
All streams of will or hope or thought,
Truth most divinely wrought
Into such self-evoked and complete perfectness
That without haste or stress
Thine images flow forth from thine embrace,
And mirror back thy calm supernal face,
(For the high strength unenvious
Can only know his fulness thus)
Deep heart of love whose pure controls
Span the far reach of utmost poles,
Enwoven maze of clear intelligential powers
Bound into sheaves of unimagined flowers,
Flowers that are lands for searching souls,
Where rise the many-gleaming knolls
From whence far valleys shine and wind
Responsive to the eyes of perçant mind
Aflame to know the just and true,
And find the skies, forever blue,
Sphere wonderful of thought eterne,
To which all joy and ardor yearn,

Unto thy portals first the wizard dreams
Of the philosopher of hope-winged Greece,
Plato, our master, King of peace,
Sailor upon the wide-encircling streams
That are the secret passage-ways
Leading to thine all-golden days,
Plato, the seer and winner of life's high emprise,
The royal-fronted, with deep solemn eyes,
The golden dreams of his desire
Unto thy gates and past the space of fire
Brought the astonished speed of those
Who into mixture with thy purity arose.
Faint lands shown tremblingly in pallid light
Upon their slowly-comprehending sight ;
The soft-illumined lakes and lawns
Glittered beneath pearl-shimmering dawns ;
Vapors in snowy languid curls
Hung over hill-protected vales,
And where the sacred mid unfurls
The city in the distance pales.
Lo ! unto those who dare to see,
And rouse them from the lethargy
The numbing life of earth builds round the soul,
There comes the noble vision of the whole ;
For vales and streams and cities clear
Are symbols but of truths more near
The centre, and the dreams of heaven
Rising through light-clothed gyres from height to
height
In glories cancelling the force of sight,
Until the holy leaven

Of transformation makes the spirit kin
Unto what is and has forever been,
Are also but much-trodden ways
To deeper God-born days.
The undeviating eye
Beholds at last the secret of the sky :
Vast forms of certain permanence,
The reason of all whither and all whence,
The origin and the end of things,
The fountain which forever leaps and sings.
The realm of the eternal rises clear,
The interwoven crownèd potencies,
The shine of the ideas, their own light,
And spring of sovereign, changeless bliss,
The mystery of the far and near ;
These are the gods gigantic of the elder times
That rule all periods and all climes,
That dispossess the phantoms of old Night,
And are the inmost of just life and sight.
They weave their ordered progress in the fire
Of the supreme and purged desire.
Their vastness interpenetrates
Their substance individual,
And their great glory undulates
In unison to the regent thrall
Of one engirding lucence, whose deep glow
Transfigures all who are and know,
Being topmost flame of hope and love,
All nobleness above,
The centre of the blessed power
Whence bursts the Universe in flower,

Himself the flower and root and source,
Where all streams find their mingling course,
The One Eternal, Good, and Fair,
Who can and must all acts in his own bosom bear.

VII.

Like rays emergent from the sun,
Like notes dispersing from the singer's lips,
Like leaves unfolding when the snow is done,
Like foam back-leaping from wave-cleaving ships,
Like speech dividing viewless breath,
Or drops wherewith the rain-cloud drips,
Lo ! as the One his clear word saith,
The region of the many blooms at length
And burns and flames with delegated strength.
Dark space bursts forth in wheeling stars
Outridden on their sightless cars ;
The sea divides before the many colored land,
The skies above the woods and meadows stand ;
The winds sweep from the farthest verge
Of Heaven, and all their murmurs urge
The might of Time to loftier reach
Of act and song and speech ;
The hollows of the rocks are swift to learn
The eagerness with which the new worlds yearn ;
The thrill of movement sweeps and sings
Across the Universe's outstretched strings ;
The splendor tones upfill the void
With music only souls may hear,
Who past the limits of base fear

And by no faintest tremor yet annoyed
Are as the waters clear
To lights that change nor veer.
In ordered numbers move and fleet
The myriad pulse and beat
Of wide existence's up-leaping flame ;
No tongue may rightly name
The tumult and the stress
Of crescent loveliness ;
The gods celestial with a clear geometry
Build up whatso we know and see ;
The fashioning of the world proceeds and grows
With fire and light and dusk and snows ;
Strange contraries divide and roll
Back under one control ;
Frail atoms dance a slender round
To tune most sweet of scarce-heard sound ;
Pale blossoms gleam amid light leaves
And earth her garb around her weaves ;
The air is glad with rush of wings,
And everywhere new rapture springs ;
The unapparent dreams of the high gods
Find language in the stars and blooms and sods ;
Proportion holds the world in thrall,
Blends into one the unnumbered all,
And 'mid the wanton whirl and toss
Gathers up rays of light and thought,
And with a passioned bliss is wrought,
Where the great currents join and cross,
The image of the mighty whole,
The centred and self-mastering soul.

VIII.

For thee, O soul, the spectacle converges,
For thee the morning lifts the blaze
That startles clouds with gold amaze ;
Around thee life conveys and urges
All fair sights and wonder-sounds,
Music falling soft as petals
From a rose's velvet bounds,
Soft as mist that dimly settles
On an island half-described
In a bay's expanses wide ;
An orb of potence thou dost dwell
In mid and heart of the vast miracle ;
Forth of thee the silver rays
Speed of a mysterious fire,
Binding to thine each desire
What thou wouldst of the revolving maze ;
Round thy rapid chariot wheels
All the pageant flows and glows,
Thou the monarch and the master,
Thou the elder and the sire ;
On thine ear the distant peals
Fall of bells from summit where
Shadows flee the sunrise faster,
Where the gods above the snows
Shine in calmer, clearer air.
Thou art of their kin and race,
Ruler of large time and space ;
They thy guardians are and friends
Leading thee to purest ends ;

Circle of their hands rains influence
Through the vapors dull and dense,
Which are vain to separate
Thee and thy benignant fate ;
The ancient mother of the sky and earth,
Goddess high, superb, serene,
Joyously presided at thy birth,
Wove for thee the temporal screen
That is for thy severed growth,
Yet conjoins thee close with both
Heaven, and earth's severer plane,
Which to conquer makes thee fain
Of the loftier changeless gain.
Wisdom of the universe,
Strength of stars and might of sun,
In thee once again are spun
To a life which can disburse
Wealth of unifying power
To the many from its dower.
Lo ! the mighty spiritual world
In thy being lies up-furled ;
Brothers thou beholdest around thee,
Lives like thine allure, surround thee.
Thou wouldst build the general doom
Exorcising night and gloom ;
Thou unitest joy and thought,
And the universal State is wrought,
History's secret and endeavor,
Birth of Now and the Forever,
Immortality clothed in Time,
Spirit found, achieved, sublime.

IX.

Yet further, nobler, draws thee on,
Whither the highest and the best have gone ;
The will unanimous of men
Opens fields of more transpicuous ken ;
Higher flights the soul uplift,
God's supreme and final gift ;
Beauty is the magic lure
Which leads man forth to what must still perdure.
He cannot halt upon the path
Which a beyond reveals and hath ;
He follows on from peak to peak,
He burns with bliss to know and seek ;
The mountain-stairs of high endeavor
He treads and climbs and scales forever ;
New glory rises round him still
And spurs his unabated will ;
As veil by veil the clouds of dawn
Vanish with the growing sun,
Now disclosing vale and lawn,
Sights far-reaching, never done,
Thus vision gives to vision place,
Nobler and more full of glow,
Till the heart of all above, below,
Shines the Everlasting Face,
Shines the all-embracing Good,
Heart of hearts and love of love,
Source of soul's unchanging mood,
Bliss of all below, above.
As two fair stars perchance unite

Into a deeper and more solemn light,
Wondrous amity intense,
All delights of soul condense
On the summit where the twain
Join in unrepining gain.
As from the poet's conquering dream
Flows in many-glittering stream
Poem after poem splendid,
And he walks by them attended,
Good from good springs forth at length
In the magnitude of strength,
The attainment chief, serene, sublime,
The height to which all souls must climb.

x.

Master if my weak words wrong thee,
Heavenly dweller as thou art,
Thou wilt ease my burdened heart ;
Thinkers, lovers, dreamers throng thee,
Noblest offspring of the ages,
Wisdom's deep-enamored sages ;
If my feeble footsteps follow
Where the greater went before me,
If my song sounds faint and hollow,
If I sought the land which bore thee,
Dearest of its many sons,
And the splendors spreading there
Through that finer, keener air,
Overcame my feebler sense,
Thou wilt smile and bear me hence

From the pain my rapt soul shuns,
Pain and fear lest thee I have not spoken
As I would, or rashly way have broken
Through the mists that clothe our being
In this lower realm of touch and seeing ;
Yea, I know that thou wilt smile,
And forgive if e'er I spake
Aught that dims thee for a while,
All was done for thy high sake.
My gaze turns upward and I see thy face
Turned thronewards in the mid of heaven,
Thy voice I hear for an ecstatic space,
Uttering thy message sweet and high,
Noble as aught the mystic seven
Sang in the tales of elder time
And woven oft in wondrous rhyme ;
My slowly-gathering sight divines the seers,
Thy followers and thy peers,
Who stand besides thee and who vie
With one another to repeat
What thou dost tell of high and sweet.
Thy great forerunners in the race,
The bearded ones of ages cold,
Shine in the illumination of thy grace,
And in thy truth wax bold.
The youths who heard thine earthly voice
Look toward thee and rejoice ;
Dreamers who fell upon the eras sad
When right was hounded to the dusk
Of caverns which hoar mountains had,
And fed upon the weed and husk,

Feel all their sorrow fall from them
Since they may touch thy garment's hem ;
And seekers boldest earth has known,
Now that her hair has whiter grown,
Still call thee master and great King,
Still hear thy sónorous sayings ring ;
The swift years are thy children all,
And from the distance, hark, we hear
Yet larger voices on thee call,
The times to be approach more near,
And through the pageant as it goes,
The secret of its life and rich success,
The flame that through its motion glows,
The truths benign that all its action bless,
Lo ! they are thou, and thy deep word,
Said in the paler past, too long deferred,
But blossoming into sight and might at last,
Old miseries done and overpast.

XI.

And lo ! thy dreamed Atlantis from thy wars of old,
Emerges new and shapelier of life ;
Not all thine Athens, young and bold,
Could lordlier march to nobler strife ;
Sister unto thy strong democracy
She rises from the western sea.
In those dead wars thou knewst so well
Before thy Greece her weapons fell ;
Resurgent now she holds the helm
That reaches out to the far-shining realm,

Sighted by thee, and with thy breath for wind,
Sails forth unto the golden-fronted Ind.
Whatever storms upon the way
She sails unto that sun-drenched day ;
Thou and thy peers from Heaven's own mid
Guide her and help and bring her far,
Leave not one secret of that pathway hid,
Be leader unto her and star,
Thou and the great who after thy career
Shone in Truth's firmament,
Great suns who cannot dim nor veer,
Filled with the large intent
Of God's own ministries in sky and earth,
Protectors of Time's crescent worth.
Atlantis, latest daughter fair,
Breathing Freedom's heavenly air,
Strongest sister of them all,
Unto no baseness be thou thrall.
Hear thou the thinker wise and great
And build the ever-during state,
Which raises all men to the height
Of knowing Truth's undimming light,
Which gives to each the encircling all,
Crowning bliss of the terrestrial ball,
Which brings to sight what the philosopher
Felt in some further period must occur,
The Ideal hoped for, now begun,
And into undecaying fabric surely spun,
Life's victory and the whole of thought
To equal service of humanity brought !

ORPHEUS.

WIDE-SPREAD as the gray sea the realm of
fate

Lay in perpetual twilight ; weltering far
Old Chaos rolled in bursting wave on wave
And held the seeds of things ; an endless reach,
A sphere of possibilities, a land
Wherein eternal Ruin sat enthroned
And the sweet world of life was not as yet ;
From God dire Chaos came, for God is king,
And out of his warm bosom also I.
A mighty song I am, so loud, so pure,
That God delights to hear, and wisest men
Perceive its grandeur of rich melody
Only in fragments high and pulsings glad ;
But as I sing the roar of Chaos dies
And, gradual joyance, subtle grasses sweep
Across the new-formed plains, and in the East
The rosy sunrise laughs, and Day is born.
I sing, and lo ! the cloud-divided sky
Domes its deep blue above the awakening world,
And through the land long rivers roll away,
And in the shadow of the untrodden woods
The young birds sing frail echoes of my song ;

I lift my voice and the large rose shines forth,
And sheds its soul upon the love-faint air,
And fruit by fruit the latter trees droop low
As in their wealth of leafage glow the stars
That light green skies of autumn ; hark ! I sing ;
The waters bind themselves in stilly lakes,
Tree-edged and looking upward to the sun,
And the brown deer stands on the flower-fringed
 brink

And drinking sees its shadow slim reach forth
A soft-eyed greeting ; listen ! again my song ;
And on the sea-shore rises swift and white
The youthful city ; in the night the tower
Sends down the air its lamp-lit messages ;
Through the wide streets the busy many pour,
The sturdy men, the women fair, and sweetest
The little children laugh and play and laugh,
The white-winged ships come in from the strange
 seas,

And bearded sailors bring the scented bales ;
I sing and in the noonday twilights bright
With fiery flowers and flicker of fair leaves,
The lovers meet, and to mine ear comes back
The charmful echo of my beating heart,
For I am of the spirit of pure life,
And life is love, the soul of God is love ;
I give my voice a tremor, deepening, clear,
The hearts of men are shaken, and they know
A sound within them, and above, around,
A music that is very self of me,
Rising to life in them and spreading far,

Ruling all things and dreams and the long sweep
Of crescent time that they call History.
I hear myself at length, know what am I,
What fluctuant murmurs of pure tones
Build up my fabric, and how golden bright
Are curves of joy that leap like nobler waves
Across the sea-mass of my harmony.
Now once again I flute with eager lips,
And the steel spears of war snap sheer across,
And every noise of contest falters slow
Into a phrase of love and tender tune,
And through the night of time a firm red glows
That is the dawn of everlasting day.
I trumpet forth at last my whole of song,
The waiting hearts make answer with great joy,
The mighty nations gladden, the ocean wide
Circles the world with moving flames of glee,
One flawless friendship robes the finished work,
As his pure fire the ever-giving sun,
Each centred soul co-equal with the whole,
Untribed, unclassed, unmanacled, and free,
Unto the realm of Spirit every eye
Upraised and turned, the inmost heaven of heaven,
The stainless source of all and end all light,
Perfect the lovely song in everything,
Clearly responsive to the song on high !

DAVID SWING.

THE engulfing night that clips the world around
Has reason to rejoice ;
The voicelessness that girds the realm of sound
Receives another voice.

Whither our eager eyes can follow not
Friend after friend recedes,
Leaving the earth a cold and wintry spot
Where every footstep bleeds.

Him, too, we lose who stood upon his height,
Fearless, erect, and strong,
Uttering his message from the soul of right
Above the waiting throng.

Shall we not hear again those words of cheer,
Nor see those eyes that shine,
Nor hang upon that face majestic, dear,
And aspect leonine ?

Whither has fled that over-mastering force,
That swift illumining wit ?
Upon what strange and more entrancing course
Does that fine humor flit ?

Deeper (we hope) the truth that charms his gaze,
Fairer the outstretched scene,
Nobler the stars that round him roll and blaze,
Purer the meadow's green.

Patient, serene, he bore the burdened years,
Felt the great world's deep woe,
Faced the new questions, crushed the newer fears,
Saw the sun's rising slow.

Into the dark that changeless soul has passed,
Into the void those tones,
Wherein the all-embracing truth was glassed
Like light in precious stones.

Nay, grief mistakes ; whither he goes is light,
'T is we are dark, indeed ;
'T is we who dwell within the impending night,
Who feel the breathless need.

Lo ! as I strain my upward looking eyes,
The shadowy death grows fair,
And, grander than my thought's most rich surmise,
I see light everywhere.

The gloom that clips the lessening world around
Bursts into flame and flower ;
The voicelessness that girds the realm of sound
Leaps into music's shower.

The throng of greater souls who went before
Shine white as stainless snow,
And fill wide spaces past the luminous door
Of sweet Death's pangless woe.

The silences our sad hearts feared to pierce
Ring with a wondrous song,
And joy that holds at bay our anguish fierce
Makes our rapt souls more strong.

There with his peers he reaches home at last,
Knows that his work is good,
His arduous toils and journeyings overpast,
Out of the storm-swept wood.

We also touch the peacefulness benign
That calms his risen soul ;
Not night, but glory, splendid and divine,
Is Death's most certain goal.

Like stars that fade into the light of day
Our vanished ones are sped,
Treading a golden and a flower-lit way
Where Death alone is dead.

THE GARDEN WHERE THERE IS NO
WINTER.

"Se Dio ti lasci, lettore, prender frutto
Di tua lezione."

—DANTE.

BEHOLD the portal ; open wide it stands,
And the long reaches shine and still allure
To seek their nobler depths serene, secure,
And watch the waters kiss the yellow sands
That gentle winds stir with their sweet commands ;
These stately growths from age to age endure,
These splendid blooms glow in the sunlight pure,
These wondrous works of human hearts and
hands.

Over the charmèd space no storm may rest,
The gloomy hours avoid the magic bound,
Homer dwells here, Vergil, and all the blest
Whose perfumed color lights Time's mighty
round ;
Pluck the fruit freely, reader, and partake,
God wills it—for the enchanted Soul's fair sake.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOVER of country and winner of men,
Whither wanderest thou forth of our eyes?
Shall thy clear soul watch never again
Sunrise of gold in victorious skies?

What is the realm to which thou wouldst go,
Freed from the bonds that fetter us here,
Far from the winter's miracle of snow,
And summer's splendor, yellow and dear?

Unto the good thou hast longed for and felt,
Unto the high thou hast labored to win,
Lands where thine inmost passion has dwelt,
Regions where all thy great hope has been,

Dreams that have risen in glory and gold
On thy rapt vision deeper than time,
Reaches whereof thy strong singing has told,
Circles of Life fulfilled and sublime,

Gardens where blossom the noblest and best,
Visible truth and love, lords of all,
Heaven's white mid and unspeakable rest,
Music's fine luminous passion and fall,

Thither thou goest and waiting for thee,
Rise the immortals, smiling and glad,
Kings of the Spirit, whom Death set free,
Pure of the griefs which the ages had.

Toilers with thee in the dim, dead years,
Singers of songs in answer to thine,
Helpers and friends in the time of fears
When the sun of the land disdained to shine,

Those who watched and waited for morn,
While the storm rolled and thundered o'erhead,
Voicing the depth of the whole world's scorn
Of the sin for which our truest bled,

Know thee and welcome thee home to thine own,
Thee, whose voice was a firm clarion-call
Unto the battle whence victory has blown
Freedom's awakening to bondman and thrall.

Greatest of those who toiled for the right,
Poets and thinkers, winners of fame,
Greet thine ascent to the summit of Light,
Hold thee above all praises and blame.

Heaven has begirt thee, mixed with the tides
Living, ennobling, flowing through souls,
Tides of the just that ever abides,
Life from the heart of the Spirit that rolls.

Light and Life whereof we are fain,
Thou hast attained them, splendors most pure,
Thou who hast found the realm without stain,
Thou who art one with what must endure.

Conclave divine of the good and the wise,
Those of the old as the newer time,
Hold him dear whose new-risen eyes
Make a new spring in your marvellous clime.

We who remain look up where you are,
Rise in our dreams to your living's bright fire,
Burst in high moments our dull being's bar,
Grow one with you in our passion'd desire.

And thee, O leader, we hearken and hear,
Mingle our souls with the motions of thine,
Follow thy footsteps and watch appear
The stars in thy heaven of heavens and shine.

So shall thy spirit, subtle and strong,
Flood all the land with the truest of thee,
Build it in semblance of thy high song,
Make it what thou wouldst have it to be !

SLEEP.

I.

INTO your dusk the strong man and the weak
Pass and lay fear aside ; that deep abyss
Opens its wondrous doors not far to seek,
And grief forgets as joy its last long kiss ;
The mighty thinker on the rising weal
That is to turn the world from gloom to glow,
Allows the mists upon his eyes to steal,
And leaves fleet time unto its unchecked flow ;
Love sees its stars grow dim and disappear,
And blackness rule its many-glittering sky,
Its life grow suddenly chill, disbranched, and sere,
Its hope dislustered and unpanged its sigh ;
Man stood upon his height begirt by day,
Yet yields him where sleep's dull streams drowse
away.

II.

Mayhap the lawless dance of flickering dreams
Speeds down its twilight reach of spaceless space,
As through a sombre river yellow gleams
Of light capricious in untutored race,

A myriad worlds within a moment's flight,
A strange commingling of the false and true,
Day's bubbles foaming on the cup of night,
Trust's blossoms growing on the stems of rue,
A pageantry that underprops at last
The ordered march of things whereon the sun
Sets his live imprint as the undying past
Dwells in the now whose course is yet to run ;
The shadowy all yields up its Soul to each,
As waters lave and kiss an island's beach.

III.

Lo ! doubt is gone—like Sleep's, Death's arms are
warm,
His lips breathe next to ours in ecstasy,
His lampless eyes awake the singing swarm
Of lovely deeds and blisses yet to be ;
So tender-great is he that all he is
He gives, and then he bears himself away,
Knowing the need of his pale ministries,
Beneath the feet of the white and hourless day
On Time's glad farther side ; so he is one
With Sleep and no dull doom engirds man
round ;
For when the might of both is fully done,
They still uphold the Light-realm's boundless
bound,
Vanishing in it, the dark ruled by the fair,
And Life and Love growing permanent everywhere.

WALT WHITMAN.

WHENCE is the voice that I hear, so rich, so
sincere, so free ?

Hark ! how it thrills the air
With its mighty resonant tones and its cadences
novel and full !

The singing awakens the land
With its power and joyance and hope,
With its call to labor and light ;
Whence does it come, a wonderful fountain of sil-
very sound,
Taking the sun in all its crystalline drops ?

Upward unto the skies, thou leap'st in very delight,
Higher and higher thy reach,
O marvellous fountain of song, upward unto the
stars ;
And the fair manifold fires
Studding the night of Time,
Scattering the beaten dark,
Births from the soul of all things, growing more
numerous and bright,
Bicker and burn and flash reflected in thee.

O singer, whence do the visions come, whence does
thy soul

Fill all its longings deep ?

Whence does the might of the rush of thy wide-
winged, world-sweeping song

Gather its splendor of flight ?

What are the sources clear,

What are the fathomless springs,

Where thy high passion lingers and dwells and
loftily dreams,

And drains in great draughts the cup of the
soul of the all ?

Not from the scrolls that the strongest and best of
the fame-crowned dead

Wrote with their lives for the world,

Not from the records of eld where the heart of
mankind is revealed

In stories varied and sad,

Not from the woods and the winds,

Nor the mountains peaked with old snows,

Not from the toil and the tempest of moaning and
restless seas,

Drank'st thou the fluctuant fervor that glows
in thy song.

Simple manhood wert thou, and thy heart con-
fronted in strength

The shows of the vanishing years,

Feeling them all to be pageants and mutable forms
of thyself.

Thou knewest Poesy and Thought,
Best births from the Life of Man,
To be pictures and metaphors vast
Of the ultimate Truth that, gazing within, thy
penetrant eyes
Saw flowing beneath and around the magical
maze.

God, who is Man at highest, and Nature, that toils
up to Man,
Dwelt in thy song and in thee,—
Not as involved in the garb of the dim and mould-
ering Past,
Not as in tomes and in tombs,
But truth, alive and afresh,
Flowing again in the mind
That gave up its life to be cleansed and refilled
with that essence pure,
Bubbling anew in the latter years of the world !

Presage of strength yet to be, voice of the youngest
of Time,
Singer of the golden dawn,
From thy great message must come light for the
bettering days,
Joy to the hands that toil,
Might to the hopes that droop,
Power to the Nation reborn,
Poet and master and seer, helper and friend unto
men,
Truth that shall pass into the life of us all !

DRINKING SONG.

A WAKEN, arouse you,
Come forth unto play,
Rejoice and carouse you,
Night conquers the day.

Fill up the bowl for us,
Strengthen the song,
Blisses shall roll for us,
Swiftly along.

Lo ! the glad night-time
Much has to live
Which the day's bright-time
Knows not to give.

Under the cover
Of the blest dark
Hope bids her lover
Enter her bark.

Forth to the glory,
Lighting each star,
Splendor-crowned story
Where all things are !

ALICE CARY.

THE voice of the western woods and fields
Save for the note of woe
That sounded ever through her song
Its monotone dim and slow.

The woman-heart that suffered so much,
And clamored for the light—
Surely for her is measureless calm
On the farther side of the night.

Breath-close to the common heart of man
Her own heart lived and dwelt,
Shook with the simpler joys earth knew,
Its sorrows deeper felt.

Now she sees clear how through and through
The ache and the pain there wrought
A golden miracle of strangest love
Far more than her dream or thought.

Doubtless she raises another song
As near to the woods and fields,
But one through whose minor a long note thrills
That a fragrant gladness yields.

EPICEDIUM.

NAY, but it cannot be,
Love rose for thee sweet-starred,
Making the winds gentlier blow
Under his watch and guard.

Surely thou art but asleep,
Open thine unclosing lips,
Lift thine eyelids set cold
Over thine eyes' dim eclipse.

Flowers, holy and white,
These befit thy clear soul,
Perfume, and light, and pure song,
Not silence, darkness, and dole.

How shall we bear thee hence,
Under the pitiless skies,
Under the marble snows,
Forth of our lingering eyes ?

What made our hearts so dull,
What made our hands so weak,
That we could hold thee not here,
Thee whom blindly we seek.

Under the cold white snows
Wilt thou think of those left behind?
Nay, but thou canst not forget,
Thou still wilt keep us in mind.

Sweetest of praises and thanks,
Love that is more than earth knows,
Thanks for the gift of thyself,
Shield thee in thy repose.

We would not vex with complaints
The silence where thou didst go,
Yet our souls reach forth to thy place,
And this thou surely must know.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

I.

POET.

I KNOW the way to many a realm of gold,
And one I pleasure in from day to day,
A rich and lucid realm of perfumed May,
With valleys in the mountains fold on fold,
And glimpses of the sea-waves shorewards rolled ;
Glad shapes of Greece revisit the clear ray
Of regnant sun, and the famed water-way
Flows thence unto Bohemia, sung of old.

War's trumpet there recalls to grander peace ;
The prince discloses all his secret pain,
Making the sadder truth of life more plain ;
Love archly peeps forth from his milk-white fleece
Of half-concealing garments, and increase
Of patriot fervor pours a wondrous strain.

II.

CRITIC.

There too I seek a mountain's upper air,
Whence Poesy's every kingdom lies revealed,
Bathed in the light that never shone on field
Or river ; Lander lifts his forehead bare

Unto the kissing winds, and the far blare
Of horns re-echoes through the woods which
yield
King Arthur's name and knights from depths
unsealed,
And Browning shows the soul how passing fair.

The lordships of the sovereign world of song
Glow in the all-transfiguring element,
And high above them with divine intent
Hovers the glory whither poets throng,
Light mixed with music, triumph over wrong,
The splendor Dante knew beneficent.

III.

FRIEND OF POETS.

Noble as song, or insight keen and deep
Into the heart of poets, is the skill,
Product of luminous thought and perfect will,
To lure desire to climb the rugged steep
Where high achievement waits, and watchers keep
Eyes on the wheeling skies which bright stars fill,
And flame by flame new revelations thrill
The pulses that responsive bound and leap.

Intimate of the Spirit of the Time,
Friend of the Hope which through the ages runs,
He reaches out unto the eager ones
Whose dreams forever shape themselves in rhyme,
And build the bridge unto the calmer clime
Which feels the strength of more benignant suns.

AT EVERY CRISIS.

*When the Conflict glooms and lowers
And the Nation is at point to fall
Under the whip and thrall
Of the mad and conscienceless powers*

*Whose touch is ever at her very throat,
From the deepest parts of her soul
Is heard the resounding roll
Of the impassioned warning note.*

I.

HARK to the burst of the unanimous voice
That pours from forth the Country's inmost
hope,
Response to those dull hearts whose vain *Rejoice*,
And loudening cries of victory rent the cope
Of goodness doming the indignant land,
And loosened ruinous storm on every hand.
Now all the joinèd winds are full
Of sonance nobler and desirable ;
Not yet given over to the sordid greed
Of men who boast the itching palm,

Aroused from slumber in our hour of need,
And shattering chains of all-benumbing calm,
We say into your patient ear, O Earth,
We have forgotten not our generous trust,
Nor shamed the promise of our birth,
Nor stand besprent with utter failure's dust.

II.

In woods of a subtler Time-world,
The spiritual image of this,
The Republic lay and slumbered,
Secure in established bliss.
The winds of a summer unfailing
Blew perfumes about her face,
And dreams of her growing fruitions
Made peace in her heart for a space.
But the hunters crept craftily on her,
And fettered her glorious limbs,
And strove to deepen her slumbers
With their sorcery of sensuous hymns.
Meanwhile Disgrace and Disaster
Made havoc upon the realm,
And the shameless among her children
Grasped hold of the country's helm.
She slept and joy of her slumber
Half lulled us too to repose,
And darkened our eyes to the future,
Grown forgetful of our woes.
But the scorn of the insolent master,
And sound of his merciless whip,

Have broken the spell of the blindness
That on us began to slip.
We raised our voice and our crying
Pierced far to her secret abode,
And she shook off her chains like dewdrops,
And forth to our helping she strode.
She spoke and the scourge that threatened
Vanished more fleet than the air,
She gazed and the Nation trembled
Into heights of being more fair.

III.

O spirits of the great departed,
Watching the seed you sowed in life,
Immortal souls and truest-hearted
Of all who plunged into the strife
Of our deep-colored years,
You shall not see your fields neglected,
Nor all undone your strenuous task,
Our heads bowed down and minds dejected,
Beneath their power who lie and bask
Where you and your great peers
Yet left unto our fears
Pondered upon the country's weal
And those high deeds but large hearts feel.
We grant you this most firm assurance,
We shall set foot upon the way
Made certain by your calm endurance,
And leading straight into the day
Of national honor's might ;

The echoing words of warning spoken
By you within the elder time,
We shall forget not, and in token
That our endeavors must make rhyme
With your intents aright,
And aims with hope alight,
We broke the bonds wherewith they held us
Who forth on alien paths compelled us.

IV.

Thus do we walk secure and growing masters still
Of our fair fate and Freedom's firm establishment ;
We should not falter more but up the steepest hill
Climb with unwearied step until the Great Event
Will sunwise flood the world and from just Freedom's flame
The star-like nations all will gather fire and glow,
Till Error's latest ghost will seek Night's deepening shame,
And every vale and hill the reign of gladness know.

ROSES.

I WANDERED lonesome and depressed
 Along a barren road ;
The sun was in the west
 And faintly showed
A dim and half discolored face
Through clouds that held the sunset's place.

I heard no sound of wave or bird,
 The air was gray and chill,
And in me scarcely stirred
 The languid will
To cast from me the dull dismay
That clasped me with the lengthening way.

But suddenly I turned and saw
 One tree deep-leaved and tall,
Possessed of might to draw
 All eyes and call
The heart back from the shadowy land
Where hope uplifts no beckoning hand.

For round it roses twined and clung,
 And in the risen breeze
The blossoms swayed and swung ;

As one who sees
A friend's dear face amid a throng,
My soul awoke and grew more strong.

Just then the waning sunset spurned
The dusk that gathered strength,
And all the roses burned
Like stars at length,
And I felt power to walk the road
Where such like splendor shone and glowed.

THE NEW WORLD.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

—TENNYSON.

Steuere, muthiger Segler ! Es mag der Wiß Dich
verhöhnen,
Und der Schiffer am Steuer senken die lässige Hand.
Immer, immer nach West ! Dort muß die Rüste sich
zeigen,
Siegt sie doch deutlich, und liegt schlummernd vor
Deinem Verstand.
Traue dem leitenden Gott und folge dem schweigenden
Weltmeer !
Wär sie doch nicht, sie flog jetzt aus den Fluthen
empor.
Mit dem Genius steht die Natur in ewigem Bunde ;
Was die eine verspricht, leistet die andre gewiß.

—Schiller.

THE NEW WORLD.

PROËM

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

I.

THE century's unrelenting strength of quest
Has followed Thought through blossoms
and through weeds,
And found (men say) that every pathway
leads
Into a cloudland where the footing prest
Is the insubsistence of a sea's unrest ;
An island in an ocean of mere dream,
The life which hoped a truest and a best
Learns that the best and truest only seem ;
A bitter, helpless creed !
No wonder-working deed
Can thence draw vigor which should surely
stream
Through all its pulses, and its fire must deem
Itself a strange subversion of the law
Holding vague insecurity in awe ;
A luminous truth that truth is built on ignorance,
And Time's endeavor vast the dazzling gift of
chance !

II.

Nay, we are not deceived ; no lampless night
Glooms round the world and hope with its
despair ;
Thought wingèd rises into regions fair
Where is the dominant, all-transfiguring light ;
Faith has revealed the heart of Love aright
That beats through history's tempest and its
roar,
The felt decadence of the selfless might
Sweeps from the skies the cloud-heaps more
and more ;
Who now shall further doubt
That a most dismal rout
Waits the dull fears, whose threatenings loud
and sore,
With bannered hosts, against our temples
bore ?
Unshattered on the Heavenward-looking hill
The marble splendor fronts the sunrise still ;
The blue-eyed Goddess smiles and turns her un-
veiled shield
Upon the invading bands, who strew the smoking
field.

III.

Yet progress has been devious and slow :
The Spirit sometimes has been out of breath
And pale unto the very verge of death ;
Fierce as the mountain torrent's sudden flow,

Erratic as the wildest winds that blow,
The movement oft has seemed to rush and
fall
Down steepes and crags where safety might
not go :
Then the swift stream has made a sharp
recall
 Into its truer bed,
 And by some influence led
That keeps its foam-flecked waves in juster
thrall,
Has bounded forward to the longed-for hall,
Windy and large, with changing sky, and free,
The waters' end and aim, the brilliant sea ;
So hope, the sea-gull, lifts his more adventurous
wings,
Lured by the flaming sun wherewith the wide
world sings.

IV.

Some clear-eyed angel must have watched and
tended
The growths of love and patience in the
heart,
Some wisdom guarded with divinest art
Gentleness, faith, and sweet assurance, blended
Into a dream which saw the storm tran-
scended ;
Chief wonder that such fragile blooms sur-
vived

Amid the conflict seemingly never ended,
Chief miracle that they none the less contrived
 To taste the finer air
 Which is their daily fare ;
Securely in the rudest bosom hived,
And from the sternest gloom and rage revived,
Their very slightness gave them strength to gain
Gradual possession of the changed domain ;
For they are of the tribe which toil and strive the best
When they are needed most and days are dismalest.

v.

Love felt the bitterness in those ancient days,
Being forced to mask as passion base and rude,
And mother of a fierce and brawling brood,
Hatreds that used the noonday's sovereign blaze
To lamp man further on destruction's ways ;
Yet even then Love knew to claim and charm,
And hold the impregnable and awless gaze ;
Amid the wanton revelry of harm
 Arose the prophetess
 Touched by God's own caress,
And led the clan in hours of dire alarm ;

So woman's weak and terrorless right arm
Pointed the pathway men were glad to take,
And then as now her words were strong to
wake
The trembling higher moods, that slowly came to
win
The place of gradual rule and power the soul
within.

VI.

But Love was lured by glamour of delight
Into forgetfulness of loftier aims,
And sank to depths that were not unlike
shame's ;
Set in a paradise of softest might,
And lulled in dreams that made the heavens a
slight
And empty thing to lose, weighed in the
scale
With sense imperial, and suffused aright
With the refined and subtly sweet avail,
The hours wore on apace,
Touching with hands that lace
And part in a strange dance's measured
pale,
And pleasure said at heart its faint *All*
hail !
Lest too loud speaking should evoke the death
Which must wait on such perilous charmed
breath ;

Shut in these mist-built walls the world's strength
feminine
Slumbered, but knew in visions that its sleep was sin.

VII.

Could the imprisonment last? Nay, warrior
queens
Threw the frail chains from off them like
clear dew
Shed from the flank of lioness when new
The sanguine sunrise bursts the leafy screens;
Or radiant motherhood pre-eminent leans
From its enforced seclusion and requires
Room for the growth whose dear supremacy
weans
From base subjection to unleashed desires;
Or the lithe sorceress
With eyes of wild excess
Warmed her ambitions at great empire's
fires;
Or the loud triumphs of impassioned lyres,
Mixed with low wailings of a life suppressed,
Floated across the time like foam on crest
Of fluctuant waters, or a meteor's lingering track,
Paling the stars themselves, over night's depth of
black.

VIII.

The masculine might of will arose supreme
In the white mid of heaven; now woman-
hood,

Co-equal, potent, fair, beside him stood,
No mistress and no daughter, some bright
dream
Of golden wisdom, or a vague foregleam
Of love's own pureness, but that love's great
whole,
That wisdom's rich and self-concentred stream
Having known grief and ruler of the soul ;
A new life was begun,
Lit by a female sun,
Wherewith earth thrilled from its stern pole
to pole,
As hope sweeps through the reaches of the
soul ;
The future spoke unto the present pale,
The new light overflowed the horizon's veil,
The dominations barbarous of the twilight heard
Above them sound the rumor of their dooming
word.

IX.

Two equal powers in all life's separate spheres,
Two streams of influence working out the
good,
Two infinite forms of potent servanthood,
Two strengths arrayed against dark doubts
and fears,
The feeling whose fine clearness knows and
hears,
The intelligence that is sweet warmth and
glow,

The instinct whose forthrightness never veers,
The thought which pierces thorough sense
and show,
With freedom everywhere
To build the high and fair,
Each being rich soil for other's hand to sow,
And inner space where nobler harvests grow,
Life's centre found in each and outer rim
Reaching beyond the stars most distant-dim,
Until the end is gained where temporal difference
Fades in the light of heaven, supreme, unstained,
intense.

x.

O Western World ! what the long strain and
toil
Of the mighty periods wrought and bravely
won
Leave unto you the mightier toil undone ;
Here is the land of promised wine and oil,
Here is the State which many failures soil
Incarnated anew and strong once more,
Alert, high-hearted, and equipped to foil
The dangers that confront us with their
roar ;
Here is the land of gold
Which wise men seek to hold,
Not gold whose heapings mock with longing
sore,
But the pure metal which for helmet wore

To the Women of America. 109

And shield the brave who saw and loved the
right,

And thence were filled with the eager conquest's might ;

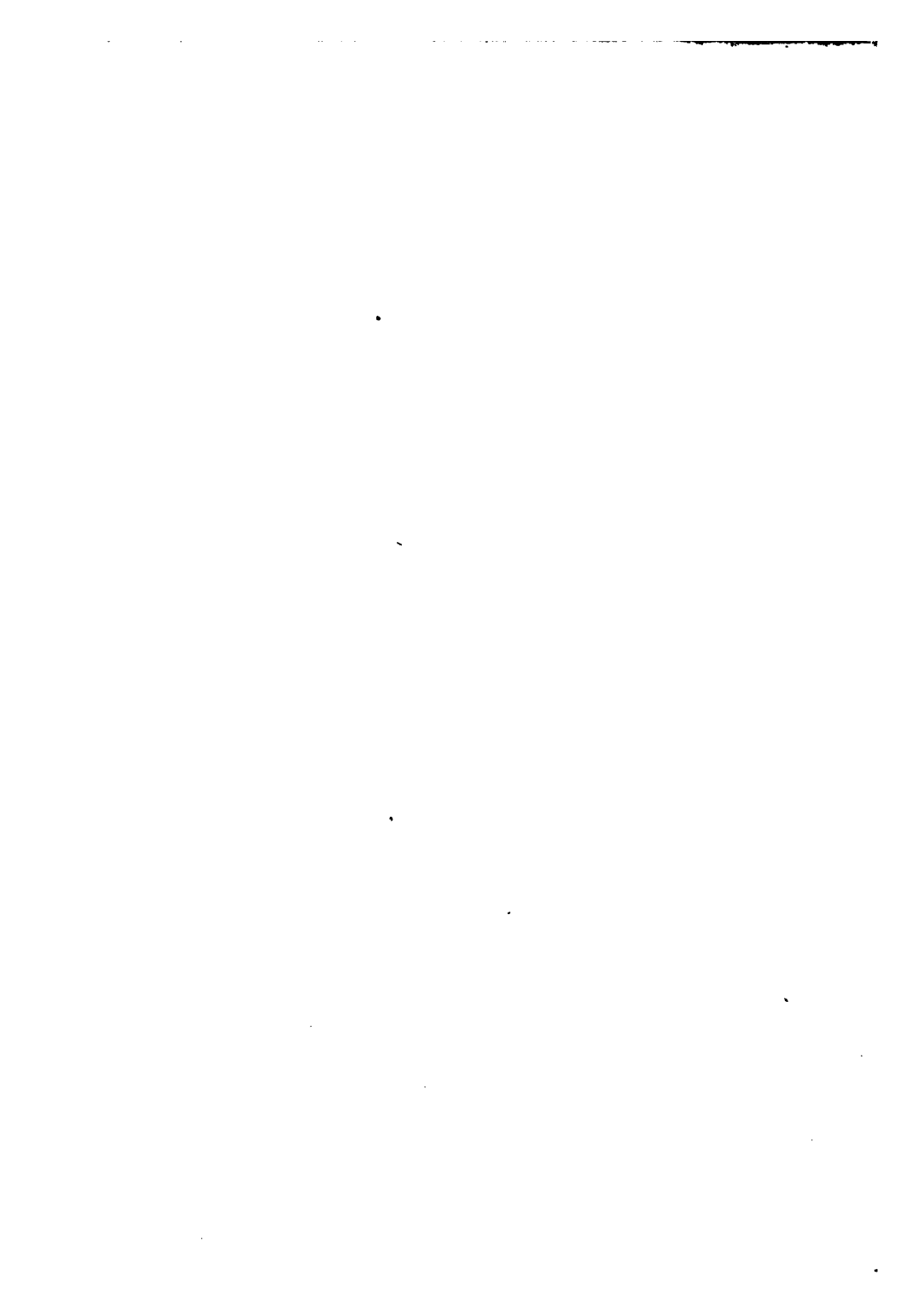
O golden land of ours ! Arise and strive to be
Time's purposes attained, Freedom and Victory !

I.

THE OLD WORLD.

In the great morning of the world,
The Spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frighted from Imaus
Before an earthquake's tread.

—SHELLEY.



THE OLD WORLD.

I.

GOD'S Thought rose clear before him and
he said :

“ Lo ! I will fashion for mine eyes to see
The mighty miracle of Liberty ;
Unto my will shall many wills be wed,
With mine own life shall lesser lives be fed,
With mine own being filled and wondrous fire,
The increasing light by which all hearts are led
Unto the summit of supreme desire ;
From glowering suns and stars,
From elemental wars,
From interflux of powers and savage ire
That bid the engirding night pause and admire,
From anguish and despair, the wordless brood
That haunt the expanse of forests primal-rude,
I will bring forth that mine unenvying soul may
know
The lofty love wherewith but Freedom's self can
glow.”

II.

Then forth into the night a tumult spread,
The fierce contentions of contrarious powers,
And loud the noise was of the risen hours,
And each one on the lust of battle fed,
And life seemed with the horror stricken dead ;
Then crescent, pale, mysteriously born,
Like a low word divinely breathed and said,
Light rose on the abyss whose ravenous scorn
Lay soothed into a smile,
And slowly perished while
The blue skies rose above, and overworn
The void gave way where earths with many
a horn
And curving gulf held back the seething waves,
And mastered them and ruled them as the
slaves
Of large intents to come, and grasses clothed the
rocks
And blossoms burned amid in softly colored flocks.

III.

So shone the glory of the sun and night
Became resplendent with her stars and moon,
And life began to tremble where its boon
Had fallen on silence, and the morn's firm light
Broke its strange trance, and into joy and sight
Burst the quick dance of wondrous sensitive
things,

And seas were peopled with vast forms of
might,
And in the trees a myriad music rings,
And the untimorous sod
By manifold shapes was trod,
And lo ! in forest deep, beside clear springs,
And on the mountain sides where each wind
sings,
Beneath the skies where gold clouds rose and
fled,
Like breaths of bliss when hope and aim are
wed,
While expectation knew how far the miracle ran
Beyond its farthest, came the consummation, Man.

IV.

In the cold dusk of caverns and by waves
Of inland waters or on island shores
Roared and resounded the first reinless wars
Of nameless and unnumbered tribes ; fierce
slaves
Of bitter passion and the fear which graves
Its horror deep upon the heart, and makes
The world a vast impendence whose gloom
laves
Half lampllessly ; for no sharp lightning
breaks
It save ghost newly fled
Into lands of the dead,
Capricious answer giving for their wild sakes

Who raise loud-ringing prayers like sea that
breaks
Upon a rock-bound shore with noisy foam ;
Pain drives them forth from wasted home to
home,
And fashions serpents, rocks, or trees into a god
Of potenced nothingness, a mind-created rod.

v.

But the brave sun arose in kinglihead
From darkness of the night and men looked
forth
And saw his hand in blessing laid from north
To kindlier south, and their swift longing sped
About his footsteps ; so their watchings bred
Hopes of emerging from their deeps of pain,
Unto a lustrous height of being led,
And golden zenith of unvarying gain ;
They gladly saw the sway
Of heroes, and the day
Of gradual peace began to shine and reign,
And faith to purge itself of the earth-born
stain ;
Then through the vales the herds began to pass
Where the sweet waters wet the thickening
grass,
And round the loftier dwelling of the chief and
king
Rose hum of toilers and the voice of maids who
sing.

VI.

The restless thought with inner fire aflame,
Like lamp soft glowing through its rosy
screen,
Illumed again what the eager eyes had seen,
And deeper toil of spirit strove to frame
Anew its large possessions and lay claim
Upon a broad demesne that bloomed and
shone
Above it, a miraculous realm to tame,
Ruling the outer one of grief and moan ;
The silver dreams that throng
Give birth to wondrous song,
To myth and story winged with rhythmic
tone,
And hopes that are the very spirit's own ;
Whence flow a greater mastery and skill
Which hold the tribes in friendlier chain and
will,
And bind in golden sheaves what has been sought
and done
And are the presage of the height already won.

VII.

Then order rose beside the calm-waved sea,
First subsidence of the submerging fate,
A mighty people and a kingdom great,
Homaging strength of glorious ancestry.
Their king was father ; his wise empery

Ensouled his subjects and confirmed their
deed,
So that they grew and wove for men to be
A fabric of observance where the need
Of worship of the law
Stood forth in perfect awe ;
A noble issue with the power to breed
The thoughts that who would live must
know and read ;
Their seer, Confucius, spoke such words to
men
As have not ceased their sounding, denizen
Of the high heaven of meek obedience, leader sure
Into the land of peace which shall at last endure.

VIII.

Under the fervid skies, and 'mid the growth
Of tangled forests where the mountains vast
Circle the shaded glens, a gloomy past
Enwraps a nobler people ; ever loth
To grasp the present firmly, seeing both
The worlds of earth and heaven in mist of
dreams
Enrobed and mingled, they seemed bound by
oath
Of high allegiance to the One who gleams
Recedingly on the gaze
Turned Himwards ; by what ways
Of severence from the body, down what
streams

Of anguish did they seek Him ; the land
teems
With monstrous shapes and visions that en-
thrall ;
And chiefly you, O Buddh, the foiled ones call
Savior and friend, you clothed in contemplation's
rest,
And finding loss of all and nothingness the best.

IX.

Forth came the sun of Persia, worshippers
Of golden fires warring upon the dark,
And dimly conscious of the answering spark
That lights each heart with dream of truth,
and errs
Not in such dreaming ; lofty characters
Of fixed purpose to bear unto men,
Despite the frowning hindrance which deters,
The glow of spirit trembling back again
Unto the sovereign splendor,
As star is star's attender ;
The soldier people rose from rocky glen
And rivered plain, and earth was gladdened
when
Their victories brought the myriad tribes to be
The children of the flame whose leaping free
And wind-souled bounding skywards it was joy to
make
A symbol of the hope that burns for all men's
sake.

X.

Beside the inland deep whose blue-waved flow
Makes path dividuous unto luring realms,
That visioned speed the flight of fearless
helms
Breaking through veils of distance, whither go
The race's hopes, which dimly seem to know
The fate of freedom showing like a sun
On the sky's verge, where luminous mists rise
slow,
Dispersing from before the blaze begun,
The heroic sailor land
Uplifts her puissant hand ;
Lo! white-sailed commerce bids her mariners
shun
No vague far water-ways, nor leave undone
A toil that wrests new lands from weltering
seas ;
Brave like her god, much toiling Hercules,
And finding even pain a mystery of the heart
Disclosing devious paths of conquest's peerless art.

XI.

O wondrous people of the tortured fate,
People grown strong with very sight of God,
Strong to make live your stormy period
In the wide soul of earth forever, hate
And dark despair upon your footsteps wait
For weary centuries ; giving God to man,

Revealing the sure mean to dissipate
The bitterness of woes that rose and span
 A mist of fear around him
 Age-long that held and bound him,
Ye failed in your own destiny and wan
 A gloomy severance from the hope that ran
Like a swift bearer of the brilliant torch
Before you ; now within the throngèd porch
Of the white temple of the future ye too stand
And your own God will ope and answer your demand.

XII.

What looms against the purple air, white flame
Of stone that seems to climb and to aspire,
The wingèd thing of manifold desire
Before it, brooding and depressed with shame,
The dumb eyes sad with question and the blame
Of sore defeat ? has Heaven no answer fit ?
Lo ! the soul waits, judged and set free to claim
The guerdon, in the citadel, unlit
 By lamp of any hope,
 And lingering out the scope
Of its great longing ; near the temples sit
Memnonian figures and the walls are writ
With scrolls of ancient days, but through the aisles
Oppression hovers and the voiceless piles

Answer not anything and toward the silver sea
The dreaming land looks whence the wished re-
sponse must be.

XIII.

In after days, O dim-eyed Orient,
Your countless armies crossed the wind-
swept straits
And shook the soil where fearless Freedom
waits
Your foiled attack ; backwards you fled fore-
spent
And baffled in your mighty world-intent ;
Your eyes were wan with pallid dreams and
dreads,
Your footsteps faltered on the ways besprent
With battle's wreck, and the imperial heads
Of Europe's leaders young
Upon your dazed sight sprung,
And your vast half-thoughts sank into live
beds
Of world-remembrances, the potent dead's
Last influx into Power's re-arisen bloom ;
You could not rend the heavy primitive doom
That swathed you and the fire of soul and joined
God
Burst on the plains which beaten hordes of yours
had trod.

XIV.

O land most radiant of the ancient world,
Which burst the troubled dream wherein
time lay,
And shone the crimson dawn of very day
And life arisen in fields with dew impearled,
And over which the vanishing vapors curled,
Uncovering the sky and mounting sun,
Before you fear and wrath swept downwards
whirled
To the deeps of the abysses unbegun ;
Freedom awoke with Greece,
And violet-crownèd peace,
The soul was born and thought's first vic-
tory won,
God stood in manhood's guise, and the fore-
done
Base monsters of the ancient dread and terror
Sank backwards from their pride of height and
error,
Being made subservient to the splendid dance of
Love
And Beauty, come to earth from realms of Powers
above.

XV.

Unto world-conquest you marched forth, O
Rome,
Grandest of powers in the long roll of time,

And shaper of the commonweal sublime
In which all peoples found a place and home ;
You knew with your firm legions on to roam
And bind more wonderful than theirs a law
Upon the toiling kingdoms ; in the tome
Of God's own strength your searching in-
sight saw
A form of dominance
That held your charmed glance ;
And long as sovereignty kept close your awe
Set on man's right to build, bereft of flaw,
His inner life of choice into brave sight
Of majesty and rule and visible might,
The world was all your own ; deepener of thought
to will,
Although your own hand slew you, yet you rule
earth still.

XVI.

Next rose the star of wonder in the east,
And wise and lowly came to worship where
The babe lay in the manger ; light more fair
And from diviner realms led to the feast
Which welcomed chief the one who came as
least ;
Earth's monarchies and national gods
Trembled upon their thrones, and day increased
With passing of the worn-out periods ;
The realm of the within
Was opened, and the din

Of outer pomp fell with the lictor's rods ;
From the great forest's moist and sun-flecked
sods
Swept the blue-eyed renewer and for him
God rose in spirit and truth ; the Orient dim
Clasped hands with ardent Greece, and knowledge
of the soul
Glowed on the peoples as their life's supremest
goal.

XVII.

The time lay weltering in mere shame and fear,
Monstrous with hopelessness and strange
self-scorn
Whence every form of wild desire was born,
And passions that fulfilment made more drear.
There was but one huge empire, and the near
Self-slaughter in its dead forgetfulness
Of elder purposes made it appear
Mere evanescence into space ; to bless
The uncharactered vastitude
And pour life fierce-renewed
Into that chaos of world-wide distress,
And cleanse with storm for touch of God's
caress
Upon his children's forehead, burst and ran
The foaming hordes of the barbarian,
And power again ensouled with what must surely be
Saw freedom's sun cloud-burdened risen above the
sea.

XVIII.

Sure inwardness and self-unfolding thought,
Spirit's fine motions in each struggling heart,
The whole of life resurgent in the part,
Were new achievements ; truth within was
brought
Unto a growing vivid radiance, wrought
By troubled flight from the mere tangible ;
Pulsings of soul the old world never sought,
And nobler governance of holier will,
The blonde-haired Northener
Felt in him start and stir,
Whence bloom transformed the meadow and
the hill,
Which deeper carols of the poets thrill ;
The lands which had been savagely estranged
Once more in brief bright unity were ranged ;
They had gone through sad years, yet into every
man
Entered a love wherewith his blood more freely ran.

XIX.

Mistress of realms celestial, and the spouse
Of God himself, bride of the heavenly King,
Whose solacing song your magic lips made
ring
Above the weary peoples, to your house
Of comfort which the time half disallows,
And your hand's patient touch and domi-
nance,

Fled the world-hunted and sin-branded brows
And gathered light from your uplifting
glance.

O founded on God's rock,
And shepherdess of the flock,
Who looked for calm amid the whirl and
chance

Of evil days, O Church, who saw advance
The slow sun up the higher-stretching skies,
Until power wooed you with his glozing lies,
You held the sacred keys, and your conviction
turned
The wheel of progress and with truth your deep
eyes burned.

xx.

A sovereign rose, whose wise unfaltering hand
Laid hold upon the tempest and the urge
Of unbound passions, and within the verge
Of careful potence bade them furl, expand,
As listed him ; not long the roar unmanned
Waited when death gave him a grave too deep
For hopes that Charlemagne with brief breath
fanned

Into a sudden flame ; on toward the steep
Sea of mad conflict bore
The undiscernings sore ;

Sheer lawlessness erected tower and keep
Above the fields where blinded slaveries
weep,

And puny trembling monarchs drank the
breath
Of rule empoisoned with the smell of death ;
Pale peace fled from the earth save where her
lovers shun
The storm within the church's anthemed orison.

XXI.

But heaven is never starless, and the moon
Lifts up her silver face from boding cloud
That hides but ill her splendor with the
shroud
Of storm and battle ; surer comes the boon
Of high self-conquest, and the mystic rune
Of freedom won from mid of fear and hate
Shines clearer on men's brows ; forth late or
soon,
And rising far above the bitter fate
That dominates the age
Glooming its every page,
The errant knights fare forth and lie in wait
To force vile tyrannies from heights elate ;
They see pure Love within the heaven of
thought,
Fashioned of gentle hopes, with dreamings
wrought :
Queen of the life and hearts that worship at her
shrine,
She lifts her eyes and guides them unto deeds
divine.

XXII.

Again the awakened East had risen as erst
In hours forgotten, and the conquering
march
Of the arms Arabian underneath the arch
Of many a sky had passed ; their fervor burst
Their native deserts, and their worship nurst
The hope of bringing back unto the One,
Whom they named God, the peoples now immerst
In giant tasks ; but vain the victory won,
And vain their prophet's call ;
Against their kingdoms fall
The Westerners who scorn their toils fore-
done,
And beauty risen beneath their regnant
sun ;
As in the days of the far older time
The Orient reels back shattered, and the clime
Of Europe knows them but as sombre scudding
rack
That winds drive from before the light's sky-cleav-
ing track.

XXIII.

So was the West triumphant, and the gold
Of growing light was conqueror of the storm
Which had beset its dawn with gloom
enorme ;

The heaving billows of the conflict rolled
Soothed by the splendor, and the hunted fold
Of night unseasonable fled on before ;
The heart's deep visionings became more bold
And turned unto the sacred land which bore
Love basely filleted
And even mocked when dead ;
Should they not gain the tomb ? thus more
and more
The life of man as one began to soar
Before their gazings, and the memoried East
Awoke new purposes, whose flame increased
So that the bitter march was full of rich avail
And truth again came sweeping down the orient
gale.

XXIV.

Nor does high wisdom linger ; knowledge
grows
To more imperial potence and the soul
Sees heaven's great realms above it float and
roll,
Centering in the pure passion-glowing rose
Before God's throne ; whiter than sifted snows
Love rules one heart with purpose clearer
far
Than old Greece thrilled with, and his rapt
song flows
From the time's depths, more silvern than
the star

That lights the violet sky
Before the dayspring's eye
Takes to itself its lucence and the war
With night hath one more victory, scimeter
Made for the ages' hand, and fashioned well
Of prayer and anguish and divinest spell,
Slaying the beast within the man and hewing way
To where Beatrice's eyes are pursuivants of day.

xxv.

As in the flawless stone the mighty limbs
And sun-turned face disclose from day to
day
Their loosening glory, and the shadows play
Beneath wide eyes wherein the joyous hymns
Of wakening life lie silent, interims
Of loveliness and strength to hold subdued
Worship forever, being imaged thought which
swims
Upon the sense with rapture still renewed,
So 'mid the whelm and toss
Of aims that strive and cross
The Nation rears its forehead, and imbued
With the heart to vanquish difference and
feud
Reveals a power superb, that is to set
On the expectant world a coronet
And sign of coming peace, and Freedom is the
name
The great birth bears, though vaguely known and
sad with blame.

XXVI.

Earth grew more beautiful and human life
Swept on more nobly ; the dreams of seer
and saint
Gave way to joys that held without complaint
Their revelries within the present ; strife
Yet roars in madness where the hordes are rife
Who pour from mythic Asia's soundless
deeps,
And thrust anew the rude barbaric knife
At the city's throat amid which learning
weeps
Because of evil days ;
So toward the western ways
Greece once more bears her quenchless
torch, and steep
In goldener light, and re-enthronèd keeps
Her inexhausted regnance, that is sure
As the great stars above and must endure,
Being part of truth eternal and the pauseless
strength
Which shall bring all mankind into its calm at
length.

XXVII.

The golden-belted bees that hum within
The honey-hearted flowers of pleasure fed
The soul with strange delights, and sorcer-
ous led

Her feet on poisonous paths of passion ;
yet to win
The beauty, which, born of the sun, had been
The young world's longing, and to see anew
The whole of life, its triumph, love and sin,
Statued or risen in towers or morned to view
In unsurpassable splendor
Of colors fierce or tender,
Became the time's desire ; then soft winds
blew
Fraught with a lighter perfume, clearer dew,
From long unvisited realms of Poesy ;
Birds of fresh joys sang in the new-leaved tree
Of living disenthralled from gloom of prisoning
dreams,
And man walked forth beside the sky-reflecting
streams.

xxviii.

Heart of the world and mystery of time,
Eyesight and life for which the pageant
moves,
Freedom, for whose fair sake adown the
grooves
Of ringing change from heavy slumberous
prime
Unto thought's latter all-transpicious clime,
The toil and struggle of mankind have gone !
Your steps have been amid the heat and rime
Of nature's tumult, and the haggard wan

Despair of history,
Lessening in slow degree
As you emerged in your own light and on
The hills of conquest glittered paragon !
O mirror sending back to heavenly powers
Their imaged loveliness and crowned with
flowers !
O unity of lands, the morning of your day
Flashes across the verge, and holds the night at bay !

XXIX.

The mountains rose benignant and the sea
Clung to its shores with lingering lover's
lips ;
The world of trees and blooms sprang
from eclipse
And smiled as never in the past ; to be
Thought's painted veil and the glory free
Of the outer where the soul's high hopes are
glassed
Nature avowed her part in life ; men see,
His splendors equally around him cast,
The sun uprisen on high,
Centre of worlds that vie
In happy worship ; they knew well at last
The need of firm obedience and their vast
Divisions sought to close and move in tune ;
The night with blossom-stars or plenilune,
The day with flame amidmost of the curving skies,
Held the fair earth as love in arms of lover lies.

xxx.

The torch of thought gleamed on the caverned
rocks,
And earth made bare her heart ; no smallest
thing
But held the secret wherewith the planets
ring
And make the music that enfolds and locks
The universe in its embrace ; the mocks
Of elders, eye-bound with dead loves and
hopes,
Fled in the winds of search like colored flocks
Of leaves at autumn-tide ; time's horoscopes
Were prescient of resolve
And effort that revolve
The reborn planet ; the fetters and old ropes
Of dim opinion fell, weak as mere tropes
Of sounding sophistries, when the urgent hours
Arouse the soul of man with all its powers,
When the voice of prophet calls the wandering feet
and brains
Back to the needed toil on ever-harvested plains.

xxxi.

One deep intention ruled the restless soul
Of all the period, shook it with vague thrill
Of grand success, nerved its converging will
Unto sheer fearlessness, and held the whole
White-heated fervor bound unto the pole

Of a great action ; star that rose to guide
The impetuous firm endeavor to the goal
For which the unwearied centuries fleet and
ride

The tempest-peopled sea
Was search for land where the tree
Of Freedom might grow surely and abide
The hour whose striking had been long
denied.

Fixed in the heart of men and impulse strong
Was need to grasp the earth and to prolong
Their nobler life about its curving sides, absorb
Its spherèd secret, and command the obedient orb.

XXXII.

Then Freedom might forever build its home
Upon that conquest, and the very stars
Rising from out the infinite dark thrust bars
Away from their best knowing, and the dome
Of heaven hold no more mystery, and to roam
From light to light of gradual truth become
The joy of search, feeling on its brow the foam
And wind of thought's great ocean where
the dumb

Forth-reachings of the past
Fruition find at last ;
One orb being solved, the distant maze and
hum
Of worlds whose multitudes had dared to
numb

The earlier gropings rise in ordered song,
Repeating the one story ; from the strong
Desire of the great ages leaps divine and mild
The longed-for, pure-eyed goddess, Fate's Fate-
slaying child !

XXXIII.

Also the truth that filled the restless mind
Of the rapt seeker found a dwelling place
Which should repel time's malice, face to
face
With old discoveries bring all human kind,
Hold wisest memories safe and unresigned
From regent purpose, cast the miracle far
Of budding knowledges like seed confined
In fruitful soil breaking in bloom as star
Is clad with silver light
To wage war on the night
And conquer, burst the imprisoning bond
and bar
Of glooms that sought to hold the soul and
mar,
And build a realm where men's just dreams
might tread
And know their strength and bliss of kingli-
head ;
This too was granted them ; behold in hall and
nook
Of simpler life, yea everywhere, the charmèd book !

XXXIV.

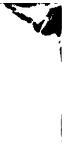
Voyings forth to the east and wonder-tales
Of golden monarchs in clime-favored lands !
The western ocean writes on sparkling sands
Its open secret ; round the globed earth sails
Wide forethought fearless ; all the eastern gales
Fraught with the glow of story waft the oars
On westward paths unto the rose-brimmed vales
Whither quick fancy lifts its wings and soars ;
Upon one soul more high
Than the ensphering sky,
One heart great to include hope's boundless
shores,
And prophecy's divinely fashioned lores,
Rose the entrancing vision ; presage he
Of wonders and achievements yet to be ;
Into the vasty dark his ship pursued its way,
Secure that westward was the spring of man's bright
day !

II.

THE MAN.

The sun set, but set not his hope ;
Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up ;
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye ;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.

—EMERSON.



THE MAN.

I.

WHO knows the secret of the sunrise ? who
Shall say what splendor of the exhaust-
less sun
Across the sombre waiting skies shall run ?
Who knows the point from which the first wind
blew
That brought the hidden sky again to view ?
On what far tip of Ocean's many waves
Fell the first moonbeam ? or what drop of dew
Hid first amid the rose's petals, slaves
To the sweet dream of love
Her coming forth hath wove ?
What edge of storm struck first the trembling
knaves
Who king earth's follies, and what yawn of
graves
Oped first to enclose them from the lightning
stroke
Fallen and quivering ? or what first ray broke

From what far heavens to shine within the hearts
of men
And bring them back to life and truth and joy
again?

II.

Surely the ages climb unto the Deed !
Beneath the sod the slow seed bursts and
toils,
The laboring spirit laughs at vain recoils
On its intention ; still the patient need
Moulds the great world and bids arise, exceed,
The light that darkling lay amid dense scorn ;
Denials perish of its right to lead
To spaces where its glow increased to morn
Is promise of the day
Having the word to say
Which leaves old crimes disseated and for-
lorn,
While faith resurgent in the just is born ;
As the earth's rivers flow unto the sea,
Time's unseen tides unto the yet to be,
So might and things and life speed to the centre
where
The new achievement leaps forth to the sun and
air.

III.

Deep in one heart the fateful future bides,
A point of expectation and of thought,

Which have this frail and slender vessel
wrought
For their enswathement ; his the dream that
rides
Into the haven where its storm-swept sides
May wreathe themselves in flowers of tri-
umph won ;
Deep in his soul the new evangel hides
Toward which the confluent streams of hope
have run
 Since light was on the sea
 Where his great task should be ;
Upon that suffering head the winds and sun
May beat, whitening his locks, and the un-
done
Intent may seem like failure, and his eyes
May see through tears morn after morn arise,
But all the stars of heaven and the sun's swiftest
fires
Bring on the hour which shall respond to his de-
sires.

IV.

Italia ! with full hands you have ever come
Unto the feast of nations ; rise once more,
Be your grand self that all men may adore ;
Your cry of war in olden days struck dumb
The dwellers of the farthest earth ; your sum
Of glories made a crown for your fair brow
Which was the light of law and masterdom

Burning within our house of rule even now ;
Your Church's holy flame
Made clear the sacred name
When darkness held the lands ; later your
vow
Unto high beauty led you to endow
The joy of men with its best heritage
Of picture and of marble ; and your rage
Of large beneficence would not have wholly won
Its height of giving, had you urged not forth your
son

v.

To find the newer world far in the west
Toward which some instinct in the heart of
man
Pointed since first the flow of time began ;
The brooding boy beside your waves sat blest
In a large dream of earth's alluring best,
A forefeel of the way his ships must go,
Borne on the treacherous subsidence and crest
Into the light that later eyes should know ;
Within him burned and thrilled
The purposes world-willed
For which all skies are globed and all winds
blow ;
Son of a sailor-city and the foe
Of whatso night hung over distant seas
And hid from sight uncaptured lands and
leas,

His thought surged far and high and gazed upon
of stars
Virginal, which beacons him from forth their
speeding cars.

VI.

What the great halls of learning told his soul
Of mystic project and alert command,
The golden memories of sighted land
By ancient wanderers on the toss and roll
Of half-forgotten waves, what murmuring stole
Upon him of the vaguely-looming fate
That was to be his anguish and his goal,
Found in him the resolve whose form and
date
Are not the fruit of time
And grow within a clime
Which has heaven's smile for sky ; calmly
he sate
And what was kin unto that mood and mate
Came to his hand and gave its message up,
As one drinks wine from out a jewelled cup,
And he went forth strong in the truth and firmly
bent
To search for lore of the far realm where'er he went.

VII.

The sea knew well her master ; from her came
A voice of urgency and a cry that stung
His heart to answer and about him clung

A host of visionings that roused to flame
His sense of kingship ; his the hand to tame
Her wild upleapings, make her bear the yoke,
And fawn about the keels in happy shame
That into her close western secrets broke ;
He knew her scorn and smile
And fathomed every wile,
Treading in joy the hollowed pine or oak ;
The astonished sailors felt the subtle stroke
Of still assurance when the headland rose
Before them and the morning brought swift
close
To the mutinous fury facing the near Afric sand
And impotent to make him seek the wished-for
strand.

VIII.

He held the wonder in his heart and soon
From all the winds came confirmation strong
To bear his swift previsionings along ;
He followed every track beneath the moon
And sought from south to north whatever rune
Deciphered showed the path he was to tread ;
Nor any region might refuse the boon
Unto his asking ; forth his steps were led
Unto the extreme shore
That then the honor wore
Of searchings far and wide into the dread
And awful marvels that the ocean bred ;
And knowledge came to aid him and her speech

Pointed unto the fruitage in his reach ;
The noble Florentine, the traveller of the skies,
Like a new planet saw the new West glow and rise.

IX.

The very light was filled with fair sea tales
As if the sun were leagued with his chief
hope ;
A luminous mist of story and of trope
Swept through the lands and girt his visioned
sails
With the exalting bliss that never fails.
What if he knew not half the magic lore
Which came down wafted on the freighted gales
From the dim past, yet Plato's vanished shore
And the stern Roman's dream
Seen in the stormless stream
Of light prophetic, and what picture more
Shone to complete the world, rejoiced to soar
Into the heaven of his musings, cling
To his enlinking thought, and there to sing
A music that by many had been softly heard
And iterant in refrain the East and West averred.

X.

Mornwards were realms of fairy ; far Cathay
Drew with its towers and singular roofs of
gold,
And farther towards the springs of light the
bold

Discoverer saw the foam that starred the way
To great Zipangu ; who should say him nay ?
In Asia's dimness potent Prester John
Ruled still (so spoke their dreamings) and the
day
Of rosy lustre had not fled and gone
From glorious Kublai Khan
Whose width of regnance ran
Unto the hither sea ; his thoughts sped on
Across the sun-kissed waves and dwelt upon
The fortunes of the lucky brothers twain
And Rubruquis and more whose deeds were vain
Because the hated Turk usurped the Orient ;
Upon the western skies his hopes were set and bent.

XI.

Scant was the bread he won, and hard the toil
Of many askings ; you might surely deem
The country would not unresponsive seem
That bore the Prince of Seamen and whose
spoil
Of treasures won with strength no storm could
foil
Called his work hers who passed the haunted
cape
To distant Calicut ; but the stern coil
Of sharp denial gave no sure escape
From its coercive prison ;
The light was not arisen
Upon his weary darkness ; many an ape

Of dullard greatness would yet grin and gape
Upon the calm severity that held
Its course unshaken, patient, and unquelled,
Scorning the Portuguese device which basely sought
To grasp the certain prize and bring his life to
naught.

XII.

But Love looked on his eager step and brow
And sang him melodies to lull and cheer
His bitter waiting ; children blithe and dear
Climbed on his knee, and made the time allow
A respite from the deep and mastering vow ;
Nobly formed was he, strong and large of
frame,
The potent eye clear with light to endow
A darkling multitude ; the furrows came
Full early and the face
Revealed across its space
The unresting purpose and the mind of flame ;
A vigorous soul that saw the heights of fame,
Being part of large intents ; and if at last
Love in another guise beside him passed,
Be sure heaven frowned not on that simple paradise
Nor gazed upon it with stern, unrelenting eyes.

XIII.

Moreover when he claimed the right to rule
The realms he found and portions of the
store

Of riches they gave up, what did he more
Than emphasize the part he played? The
cool
Winds of the morning sweeping o'er the pool,
That seeks to hold the sunrise on its breast,
Capricious, wayward, yet are not the fool
To yield one atom of the waters' best
Which they believe is theirs;
No flower the summer bears
But calls the sun his own, and the wide west
In days to come should each with the all
invest;
He was the master of the islands far,
He was the late and slowly rising star,
Beneath which burst their beauty from the dark-
ness' thrall,
And he of right was ruler and great admiral.

XIV.

Forth fared he from the land that knew him
not
And sought the region of brave-voiced
romance,
About which all the wingèd seasons dance
In lyric joyance, Spain, whose lofty lot
Was to conclude the conflict unforgot;
Again the sense-steeped and luxurious creed
That rose in Asia, bred amid her hot
And desert sands, contended with the need
For nobler self-possession,

And spirit's free confession
Of firm allegiance to the truth whose meed
Is to obtain the will and strength to bleed
For those who toil and mourn ; great-hearted
Spain,
Fronting the expectant and sonorous main,
Had the keen sight to pierce the mists which over-
hung
The outer ocean, taught by the unfearing tongue

xv.

That made wide Europe hear the constant
story ;
She bent at first a sombre deep surprise
Upon the whitened hair and anxious eyes ;
Her sages and her counsellors, old and hoary,
Sat gazing from their wisdom's promontory
Steadfastly seaward, but a shadow lay
Upon the outlook's still invisible glory,
And they believed not in the nearing day ;
But there were those who felt
The mystery that dwelt
In his firm words, the prince, of amplest
sway,
Medina-Celi, and, keen in the fray,
The third king of the realm, Mendoza, priest
And statesman, with the Queen's advisers, least
Inclined to marvels, Santangel, Quintanilla strong,
And the imperious Marchioness whose life's rich
song

XVI.

Answered his own ; but now the Crescent pale
Shrank behind clouds of war, and the pure
Queen
Held victory grasped ; at Santa Fe were
seen
The royal armament whose stern avail
Shattered the Saracen kingdom and saw quail
The Oriental life before the sweep
Of nobleness that dwelt behind the mail
Of lords and knights ; for these the moving
deep
Held regions secret yet
But where their bold hopes set
Should come to sight in forms wherein the
leap
Of impulse might find joyance and still keep
Friendship with law that fetters and makes
free ;
For these ere long the sun's unloosened sea
Should flow round Moorish towers wherefrom burns
forth the cross,
Symbol of hope and love that grow and know not
loss.

XVII.

But not to you, O Europe, came the task
To build the commonweal that shall endure
And brighten ever till its action pure

Grows even as time itself must seek and ask ;
Men knew not what was hidden behind the
mask
The ages wove of Pomp and Power, strong
Love,
That throws from off its brow the glittering
casque,
And fills the world with the clear light
thereof ;
They built the narrow cell
Wherein the accents fell
Of Judges whom no mildness of the dove
Kept from the serpent's keenness ; forth
they drove
The patient wisdom of a people sad
With the unfinished pain their drear past had,
And whom the New World, too, should free from
the dark doom
Which wove around them centuries of grief and
gloom.

XVIII.

Thus the past clutched the throat of wise
intent,
And murdered Spain when her hand held
the keys
To unlock the future's happier mysteries ;
And the defeated Moor saw once more bent
The nations at the shrine from whence are
sent

Soul-slaying vapors and a shuddering dread
Of lordly deeds for which all time is meant.
Gray Europe had a weary path to tread
Unto that far seen goal
For which the New World sole
Waited, and whereunto her life is wed ;
O bold discoverer high among the dead,
Or those whose unsealed eyes behold the all,
Great Sailor and the Future's Admiral,
You see what land you found—not Asia's mere
decay,
But the Achievement's best, and gold of the New
Day !

XIX.

Yet had his sun not risen ; from his lips
Fell in swift fervid accents his desire,
And Talavera's eyes of smouldering fire
Shone with a myriad doubts, a dark eclipse
Of faith hung round him, and the longed-for
ships
Ploughed but the ocean of his star-lit
dreams ;
Time had not tried his soul enough with whips
And scorns, for so the rigid Master deems
He makes his servants fit
For the hard toils which knit
The perfect garment, firm and without
seams,

The world shall wear at last ; his hurt brain
teems
With indignation and he turns away
Undaunted, and he girds him for the fray
Once more ; but first he hears the words of his
good friend,
Marchena, strong with trust in the far-shining end.

XX.

His wanderings reached at last the lonely door
Of calm La Rabida ; there the silence came
Grateful upon his grief's consuming flame ;
The simple cloisters gave him peace once
more
And the live ocean rolled up to the shore
Its ceaseless voice of promise ; through the
pines
The sun looked down benignant, and the roar
Of the far world of rivalries declines
Into an inward murmur
With each day growing firmer,
Whose sense is conquest at the last ; as
shines
A lamp across a rocky path's confines
Making the outlet clear, Juan Perez' faith
Who heard him and conceived his words no
wraith
Of fevered fancy but the very truth, was light
To bring the Queen to know his purposes aright.

XXI.

O noble priest and friend ! you reached the
court
And turned the Queen from conquest's mid
career
To hearken ; other triumphs glittered clear
Before her, and again from Huelva's port
The seeker came ; he saw Granada's fort
Open its gates reluctant, and the king,
El Zogoibi, bewail his bitter sort
And loss which made the rich *Te Deums* ring
When on La Vela's tower
The cross bloomed like a flower
Of heaven's own growing ; but the sudden
spring,
Loud with birds silent long that strove to sing,
After the winter's weary voiceless reign,
Was overcast with storms of cold disdain ;
Haughtily forth he fared and reached Granada's
gates
When the clouds lifted and the persecuting fates

XXII.

Relented from their fury ; for the Queen
Listened unto the urgings manifold
Of Santangel, and counsel, wise and bold,
Of the far-seeing Marchioness, whose keen
Divinings pierced the misty ocean's screen
And felt the deed must surely come to pass ;

So they recalled him, and his life's changed
scene
Grew bright with blooms and smile of thick-
ening grass ;
O royal woman then
Your hand received again
The keys of a great realm ; in the clear glass
Of actions yet to be whose fires amass
Infinite stores of impulse toward the good,
Your image permanent lies ; forth from the
wood
Of beasts malicious and the unrelenting dread
You showed the way, but sought not from the gloom
to tread.

XXIII.

The wind was fair, the ships lay in the bay,
And the blue sky looked down upon the
earth ;
Prophetic time laughed toward the nearing
birth
Of the strong child with whom should come a
day
That dulled all earlier hours. Forth on the way
With holy blessings said, and bellied sails,
And mounting joy that knows not let nor stay !
Lo ! the undaunted purpose never fails !
O patient master, seer,
For whom the far is near,
The vision true, and the mere present pales

Its lustre, what mild seas and blossomed vales
Awaited you ? haply a paradise
But not the one which drew your swerveless
eyes ;
Could you have known what lands were there be-
yond the main,
You surelier would have turned to gladsomeness
from pain.

XXIV.

Light-bearer ! this did you hope indeed to be,
Freeing the holy tomb from dominance base
And cleansing earth's bent brow from dark
disgrace ;
Waited not Prester John across the sea
With eager sons under his canopy
Of gold and on his emerald-studded throne ?
Wealth should you have and wide-spread
emperry
To bring bowed hearts to Truth who heard
their moan
And made it yours to lift
The heavy clinging drift
From their sad days, the many hearts who
lone
And anguished suffered falsehood's mono-
tone ;
Such was your dream, O strong deliverer !
But your achievement infinite-mightier
Planted the tree of Freedom in its foredoomed soil
And wrested from old Ill the remnant of his spoil.

XXV.

What room for cold detraction's voice? What
gain
In finding weakness where so much of
strength
Reached the far end it sought so long at
length?
Grant that his soul had here and there a stain,
The splendor of his deed must still remain
The clear avouchment of his manhood's
height;
That cannot be the truth which would constrain
The mind to dull details and hold from
sight
The life that is the whole
Vision; the mists uproll
From the wide landscape and the generous
light
Bathes in its affluence hill and stream; the
night
Seeks its lair far beyond the glowing earth;
Here is the joy of daring and of worth;
If mists cling to the trees or thin clouds yet ob-
scure,
We ask not in the day's impendence white and
pure.

XXVI.

Two worlds, from the beginning sundered, flow
Into the stream that is the planet's life,

A strength showing sweet peace brought
forth of strife ;
The giant winds upon their wanderings go
From the grim lands of changeless iron snow
Unto the climes where rules the centred sun,
And everywhere the exulting nations know
That their approaching Destiny is one ;
 This hath the Sea-King wrought
 Whose forward leaping thought
Felt that man's victory was but half way
done
Unless both realms were intimately won
Unto the mighty goodness which is God
And Lord of History's utmost period ;
His hand conjoined the parted continents once for
all,
He looked for land and lo ! a nobler spirit-fall !

III.

THE DEED.

To cross the seas of life, naught suffices save the bark of faith. In that bark the undoubting Columbus set sail, and at his journey's end found a new world. Had that world not then existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the Atlantic, if to no other end than to reward the faith and constancy of that great man.

—EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE DEED.

I.

REACH but the heights of truth and every
star
Trembles and shines for aims you seek and
love ;
The winds become the pursuivants thereof,
Their blare triumphant heralds you afar ;
No danger can affright, no power can bar
The stern endeavor leagued with very
thought,
The impassioned hope that is right's avatar
And sees its substance surely wrought
Into the web of time ;
He breathes the superb clime
Of certain victory, who, borne by naught
From the pursuit his loftiest dreams have
sought,
Follows the rocky path, however steep,
Which lovers of mankind perceive and keep ;
All forces of the land and sea and air conspire
To bring to pass what feeds eternity's desire.

II.

The soft acclaim of heaven accompanies
The advent of the hero on the earth ;
Nothing of wonder may attest his worth
Or break upon and shake the revelries
Of arrogant pleasure which concludes not his
To ring the knell of what it holds most
dear ;
But where the secret place of potency is,
And where the heart of life beats high and
clear,
The light's intenser glow
And joy's superber flow
Betoken triumph 'gainst the ancient fear ;
The night is sorely stricken and her drear
Control is nearly over ; every stream
Speeds with new strength in the sun's strenuous
stream,
Defeat beholds with dark chagrin how all his skill
Of strange undoing served to work the sovereign
will.

III.

Now the swift hours seemed friendly ; every-
where
Smiled portents of success to the emprise
Which looked for sunrise where the low day
dies
Into the seas incarnadine ; to dare
Was certain conquest ; earth was all aware

Of the endeavor, and her heart was thrilled
With mighty impulse that her son should fare
Straight to the doom she long had loved and
willed ;

He was the very mid

Of the intentions hid

Within her bosom till her hands had spilled

Enough of marvels and the unfulfilled

Desires of her bold manchild sought the
realms

Beyond the sea with courage-governed helms

Where could be built anew, free from the past's
grim wrong,

A home the soul might dwell in, life's last burst of
song.

IV.

Now the winds rose from out the storied east,
Freighted with all the perfumed memories
That murmured in their brains like happy
bees

Seeking the hives wherein the store increased
Of earth's best products was set for the feast

Whereby all men recline and each is king ;
The light wind freshened while the monk and
priest

Watched from his height the vessels vanish-
ing ;

The sea was fair as youth,

The wind was firm as truth,

The cloven waters with a swish and swing
Around the ship's sides seemed to close and
sing ;
The known shores faded and the speeding
days
Brought them unto the skyward-reaching blaze
Of islanded sheer Teneriffe that pierced the night
With its sharp cone and thrilled the unaccustomed
sight.

v.

Forth into unknown seas ! and who shall say
What keel clove those forgetful waves be-
fore ?
Had the dark-haired and slim Phœnician's
prore
Seen creaming from its thrust the fitful play
Of those unraging waters ? or the way
Been conscious of the Greekish mariner
Whose fancy wantoned in the golden day
Of lost Atlantis ? or the storm and stir
Of an obscure unrest
Driven a king from blest
And firm-built power to see through misted
blur
Strange coasts arise and many an islander ?
The smoothly-slipping rippled element
Seemed false-benignant in its calm consent ;
What vague forebodings held their inmost hearts
appalled
When sea was all that shone upon their sight en-
thralled ?

VI.

The sky above them glittered clear and pure,
The vast horizons scarcely shut them in ;
Had the strange path an end ? was theirs to
win
A shore beyond that solitude ? Secure
In the far-stretching distance lay the lure
Which siren-wise laughed in the present
calm ?
Or did the silver monotone endure
Until its splendor ached, and the fierce
qualm
Wrought madness in the brain ?
Farther upon the plain
Of liquid lucence and no sign of balm
Unto the growing fear and lifted palm ;
Held the same law in the same certain strength
The new and old ? or was change here at
length ?
These treacherous waves perchance rolled on no
human shore,
And vaguely westward was the infinite's opened
door ?

VII.

A broken mast tossed loose from wave to
wave !
A sign from the as yet unfathomed sea
And menace to their rash temerity !
For who might bind her as a willing slave
To his devisings ? was she not one grave,

Pellucid, fragrant, lambent everywhere,
Covetous of life and impotent to save ?
But the quick birds were fearless and the air
Upbore their flutterings,
And the increasing rings
Of their large flight portended something
fair.
Pelican, tunny fish, aught that could bear
A happy presage woke a fleeting thrill
Of the old hope which dimmed and lessened
still ;
What might survive upon the stretching lone ex-
panse
Save the light tribes of air, and fishes' darting
dance ?

VIII.

But lo ! the sea became a tangled mass,
A floating meadow of unnameable weeds,
A sterile growth answering no man's needs,
A demon-fashioned obstacle to pass,
A moving desert covered with strange grass,
Another horror which the water spawns,
That aggregate of drops more clear than glass,
But hiding in its clearness fifty dawns
Of ominous miracle,
An ever variant spell
Which while it brings to sight its wrecks, yet
fawns
Upon its victims ; through the yielding
lawns,

Starred with red berries like dull spots of fire,
That were the signs of its condign desire,
They cut their way at last, but now the winds were
still ;
What next ? when would the sea's wild fancy have
its will ?

IX.

Drifting slowly unto their doom ; the glow
Of the smooth waters to the silent right,
Leftwards the shine of the unvarying light,
Into the very void they seemed to go ;
No hand with land these wastes had laughed
to sow ;
There was around them a crystalline peace,
That grew more weird than night when storm-
winds blow ;
They might turn backwards and thus gain
release,
But who could surely feel
That the reversed keel
Might not find gulfs where even time would
cease ?
At night the burnished stars with soft in-
crease
Of flame made the far reaches visible ;
They were a-float within a widening dell
Of death's sheer imminence ; even as a flaw is
found
Dimming and shadowy inside a diamond's round.

x.

Wherefore had shone the baleful light on
high ?
The meteor that fell from its steep place
And hissing met the sea's uplifted space ?
Were the stars fixed in yonder high-domed
sky ?
And whence did the unchanging breezes fly ?
Hard sailing in the teeth of winds ; and
Spain,
Fair land of memories, both arm and eye
Of Europe, like a dream at morn that vain
And fragile passed and sped,
Or soul mixed with the dead
And mounting upward to unfleeting gain,
Would hardly greet them more beyond the
plain
Of sinuous waves into whose spell they swept ;
Here all was other ; not even the needle kept
Her truth in the mad realms ; yet better to be lost
On the track homewards than on this grim sin be
tost.

xi.

But the Commander swerved not from his
trust,
His prayers were answered while he uttered
them,
His eyes were fixed beyond the sunset's
hem,
And the fates surely could not be unjust ;

His thoughts were truth itself, and so there
must
Rise from the deeps an answer clear and
meet ;
He calmed the sailors' dreads and often thrust
Their glooms aside with foregleams of the
feat
Which all time should record
Their braveries' fit award ;
His skill pictured for them the town and
street
Wherethrough the Khan's life, fierce and
golden, beat ;
What fear of fire stones falling from above ?
He knew them well ; besides the tomb of Love
Who died for men must needs have freeing ; Holy
Writ
Sanctioned their distant search and prophesied of
it.

XII.

Yet the fierce anguish of the homeless waste
Grew stronger, and they rose in scorn and
hate
Against their chief, whose madness, soon or
late,
Must bring the doom which they so long had
faced
Half helplessly ; they would, no more disgraced
And shamedly hearkening his obscure be-
hests,

Feel their firm wits by his crazed dreams displaced,
Nor seek these wests eked out by farther wests ;
 And if death came, alack !
 It should be on the track
Homewards ; let him go forth on dangerous quests
With those unweeting that his interests
Were not the heaven's, but intense search for gold
Of which low-breathèd secrets had been told
Into his ear by lying pilots who had been
But a short way upon the ocean's swirl and sin.

XIII.

The Admiral heard their loud complaints and called
Unto the ships accompanying his ;
In solemn council all their miseries
Were spoken and the demon deep unwallèd
Tossed round them ; then the Pinzon unappalled
Voiced the great need from off the swaying deck
And for a brief time held them disenthralled,
Obedient to their Master's word and beck ;
 " Señor, some two or three
 Of these might feed the sea ;
And if the hangman's office seem a fleck

Upon you which you love not, they shall
reck
Not long of mere delay ; my brother here
And I will bear down on them swiftly, cheer
Their dark despair, and land them in another
world !
The flag we bear is but above success unfurled ! ”

XIV.

They cowered abashed and the touched Ad-
miral said :
“ A few days more we will our course pursue
And the near hour will give the land to
view ;
Such do I deem the present likelihead ;
But if these last few hours are fully sped
And only sky and water greet us, I
Will change the sailing by your longings led.”
Then Pinzon once more raised his voice and
high
Above the wind and wave
Sounded the message brave :
“ Forward ! Forward ! Forward ! ” a clarion
cry
Circling around between the sea and sky.
Whatever deeds darkened your latter days,
That courage lifts you, Pinzon, past all praise ;
Your haughty spirit gave its fire when needed most,
And to those dauntless words reached forth the
enamored coast !

xv.

And later came the cry of land—perchance
Because we often see the thing we long
To see—and the wan Admiral raised the
song
Gloria in Excelsis—and his glance
Wandered afar where the lit ripples dance ;
Lo ! there it lay, purple and dim, a cloud
Hardening to shore with the full-sailed advance ;
So they all hoped with their pale faces
bowed
And eyes straining and fierce
Into the depths to pierce ;
Continent was it ? or a thick-set crowd
Of islands ? the close flight of birds avowed
The nearing rest and harbor—thick they came,
Fluttered and chattered without let or blame ;
Alack ! the land sank back into the abysses there ;
The sighing waves beneath and round them nought
but air !

xvi.

Even the great heart faltered and at night
He sat upon the deck and felt the gloom
Falling around him like a mighty doom ;
The faint glow on the waters left and right
Hurt his tense mood and something shut his
sight,
And whether sleep or waking he knew not,

Or whether it was dark or full of light,
Or whether earth or other holier spot ;
But a voice softly spake
Nor did the silence break :
“ Have I not led you ? have you too forgot
How from your childhood I have made your
lot
Mine own, and filled your life with me, and
gave
You toils I needed in my toils to save
Man from himself ? And do you doubt and trem-
ble now ?
Nay, fear not ! Lo ! my certain morning girds your
brow ! ”

XVII.

He woke as one who might return from death
Unto the scenes he knew beneath the sun
And to far heights his thoughts began to
run ;
His dreams flew past the bounds where tar-
rieth
The mind of men, and over him the breath
Of the Terrestrial Paradise sped soft,
And he heard waking what the sweet mouth
saith
Of the pure Mother who sits throned aloft
And crowned by her own Son ;
Her radiant smile had won
His heart to deep allegiance and had oft

Shone on his darkness and his soul had
doffed
Its sadness ; he could wait for many a morn
With this clear vision ; sometimes when the
scorn
Seemed far too much to bear, he had heard mur-
murs beat
Within him, and he would the mystic tones repeat

XVIII.

Even as did the thunderous ones of old
Who spoke what heaven itself poured through
their lips,
Striving to ward their country's near eclipse ;
Ah, if the obscure Future had unrolled
The stately pageant which she held in fold
Of dimness, how his full heart must have
leapt
Unto the Hesperian Freedom's morning gold ;
He would have known that his straight voy-
age kept
The road to Paradise
Indeed, which earthly eyes
Should see, and the salt tears which time
had wept
Must feel assuaged, for the Republic slept
Her ante-natal slumber and light fell
Beneath her trembling eyelids, her *All's well !*
Would ring above the expectant lands, and the last
birth
Of national powers arise in stature of her worth.

XIX.

Perhaps some forefeel of his latter days
Came over him, Fonseca's tireless hate,
And all the ills that oft on greatness wait,
And hardships of triumphant rugged ways ;
And further on the world-wide lamping blaze
Of gratitude which circled his bright name ;
His last doubts vanished and his gaze
Swept the wide ocean ; he could bear the
blame
Of the dull halting men,
Who would withhold again
The world from its advancement, and their
shame
Should be his answer when the victory came ;
He had not failed to hear when his thought
spoke,
He had not failed to read what message broke
Upon him when the outer life was quieted
And his deep heart and deeper truth were inly wed.

XX.

Was that a new star in the purple West ?
Golden and flickering, quenched and full of
fire,
Like an uncertain strengthening desire ?
It glows above the uttermost dark crest
Of waters ; O mysterious palimpsest
Of the round skies, will you not utter clear
The secret you have shrouded terriblest

Amid the weltering ocean's vast and fear ?
 Is yonder flame the key
 Unto the mystery ?
 The last word in the message darkling here
 Which fills the meaning out, repaying drear
 And dim-eyed watching and grim anguishing
 Of the tense soul that now may rise and sing
 Its rich-voiced pæan and the heart awake once more
 Into the joy of life from over-cloudings sore ?

XXI.

Is it a star ? its lambent tremulousness
 Melts in the dark around it ! now it pales
 And its soft lustre droops and faints and
 fails ;
 It breaks anew ! it comes like a caress
 From regions of divinest blessedness !
 " Pedro Gutierrez, turn your sight afar !
 What is yon shining of the floating tress ? "
 " I mark the pale far radiance of a star ! "
 " Oh, look again, again,
 And call the next of men !
 Rodrigo of Segovia, past the bar
 Of many waves see you what flashings are ? "
 " Nay, good your grace, I see naught but the
 dark ! "
 Forth leaps to leeward the adventurous bark !
 Lo ! there ! It shines again ! Master, it grows
 more bright !
 All men upon your knees ! It is a light !—a light !

IV.

THE NEW WORLD.

Come thou whole self of Latter Man !
Come o'er thy realm of Good-and-Ill,
And do, thou Self that sayest, *I can*,
And love, thou Self that sayest, *I will* ;
And prove and know Time's worst and best,
Thou tall young Adam of the West !

—LANIER.

THE NEW WORLD.

I.

EASTWARD the dawn and to the west lay
land ;
Oh not Cathay, but a more virgin soil,
And waiting for the newer faith and toil,
Responsive to a more august command ;
Nor here where breezes blew serene and bland
And the warm sun enlarged from labors
rude,
Upon this river-fed and fruitful strand
Where nothing harsh or stern dared to in-
trude,
Was the fair dome to rise,
But under cloudier skies,
In which the nobler reach and larger mood
Should find themselves drawn on and subtly
wooded
To make their dwelling with the whole of man,
Moulded unto the dream wherein began
The passion of his life, for from no lesser source
Flowed the wide stream of hope and urged its
deepening course.

II.

Once more a portent shone in Germany ;
For there the Great Reformer rose and stood
Firm-poised and strong against a very wood
Of opposition ; no more should there be
A wall betwixt the soul and verity ;
In the wide spiritual realms there was no king
Save God ; life had not striven to make men
free
Through the long years but to lose all and
bring
Again the servitude
To a power once imbued
With the pure love wherewith the seasons
sing,
But now athirst for rule, and carrying
Base pomp into the sanctuary's mid ;
He could no other do than he was bid
By the deep voice within, and Spirit's rich domain,
Seen by the eye of faith, lay clear revealed and plain.

III.

Also the soul confronted in its might
The shows of all the world, and dared to say
That there was naught beneath the eye of day
Which fell not in its province, and its right
To judge what truth was came not from the
light
Flickering alone in cloisters ; every man
Stood in the hall of Good, and his own sight
Read the true message that on high began ;

The young strong cities rose,
And yet another close
Of music through the deepening chorus ran,
And peaceful toil pressed forward in the van ;
The castles frowned upon their rough hill sides,
And the hurt villein looked upon the rides
Of glittering lords and ladies with a half despair,
Then left the plough and sought the city's freer air.

IV.

Through the rapt ages sped the dream and grew
More certain with the pregnant flight of time
And held the seasons in a richer rhyme ;
From every star that shone and wind that blew
The intelligence came, and all men surely knew
That the deep self was height and lucid peak
From whence the landscape took proportion
due,
And justice was the good they were to seek ;
Mere trust in rule was dead,
And it had basely led
Into the gardens withered now and bleak
Wherein too long mad kings had joyed to
wreak
Their wanton fancies and their wild caprice
On men whose hands had given long life and
lease
To crime and shamelessness ; the flame-lit end was
here ;
Each man decreed himself, and sovereigned all the
sphere.

V.

The thunder rolled above impetuous France,
The earth shook in the storm, and savage
cries
Of the roused nations answered to the skies ;
The thrones of Europe trembled, and the lance
Of Freedom clove the darkness with the glance
Of its divine illumination, yet
Too fierce and strenuous was the grim advance,
And by too many foes self-made beset ;
So Victory spurned the earth
As of too little worth
For her long dwelling ; and the ground was
wet
With curdling dew the ways would fain
forget ;
The scornful sun looked down in pain and
wrath
On lands that trod the new-old hateful path ;
A sigh came from the seas, and everywhere was
heard
The cry, " How long, O Freedom, is your reign
deferred ! "

VI.

O sunset land ! to you the days have given
The noblest labor, the severest meed,
The Consummation and the Mighty Deed !
You shall from all cast off the manacles riven
In the sad past, and time's old sorrows driven

Before like leaves upon the autumn blast,
And memories of crimes and wrongs unshriven,
In the fierce light that your clear eyes will
cast,
Must seek the open grave
From which no later wave
Of shame or folly can revive them ; fast
Shall they lie there until a springtime vast
Sweeps over them and makes them part of life
That has arisen full-sinewed from the strife,
Your surging life, O Mother, triumph-voiced and
great,
Shaper of man's firm welfare, Builder of the State !

VII.

What have you not that kisses of the sun
Delight to fondle ? waters, large and fair,
And golden regions of the variant air ;
Both oceans find their daily loves undone
Unless their songs within your ears are spun ;
Your mountains soar above you, calm and
tall,
And lure until their silences have won
Your hearts to spiritual heights which hold
and thrall ;
Your prairies like a bride
Laugh to the blue skies wide
With their abundance ; no fate can befall
You save the further rich behest and call
Of wisdomed bringing what you have in fee

Unto all lands, mild peace and liberty,
And nobler beauty, purer song, and juster sight
Of the deep secrets hid within the Infinite Light !

VIII.

O stern-browed Heroine far across the sea,
Your daughter knows your blood within her
veins,
And hearkens to the ever-ringing strains
Your voice has poured to honor Liberty ;
Her have you worshipped and you still must
be
Helper and guide upon the luminous way ;
What you have done to make the nations free,
Believing ever in the sun-filled day
That shall pervade at length
Mankind in all its strength,
Named you among those chief round whom
the play
Of forces bringing triumph shed the ray
Of the result divine ; we feel you here
Within us, and the hour cannot appear,
O England, which will not turn youwards and re-
peat
How your grand life's stream flows within us pure
and sweet.

IX.

The secret found at last ! obedience
To nothing alien but the very God

Fluent throughout the majestic period ;
The soul of man and life one stream whose
whence
Is in the light of Good's pre-eminence ;
The heart of each co-equal with the whole
That through it flows in joyous turbulence ;
The soul of man one self-divided soul,
Whose parts innumerable are
Conjoined as light to star,
A star whose beams around it speed and roll,
Each beam all light and true as steel to pole
Unto its source of pure yet mixed flame,
Each beam all light reflected to the same
Glory and fervor whence its dreams have ever been,
And fleeting back from being's utmost verge and
sin !

x.

O heart of time and secret of the world
Revealed at last beneath the happy sun,
O wide-branched blossom of the ages won
Into vast growth, since the first dew lay pearled
Upon the first leaf to the light uncurled,
Since sense of spiritual search was anywhere,
You have gleamed forth, and ray by ray unfurled
Your crescent shining to the ambient air ;
Now we behold you sure,
The spirit and the lure
Of all endeavor, not a mere nation fair,

Not one bright flower, but, clustered rich
and rare,
A flower of flowers, a petalled sisterhood,
The torch-like centre of the heavy wood
Of history, giving light upon the living past
And chiefest glow on upward-leading pathways
cast !

XI.

In days of Greece whose eyes prophetic saw
The spiritual sphere disclosed, and whose
life rose
With youthful ardor past the wizard shows
Of sense into that region of clear awe,
A multifloral state which drank the law
Of one strong stem half stayed the night
that fell
Too soon, and charmed the savage winds from
flaw,
Nearing its burst, to silence ; but too well
For the rathe hour was planned
The interlinked command ;
Also the mountaineers who feel the spell
Of their wild land's enchanting miracle
Have woven a light of rule whose distinct hues
Conjoined have been a beacon to diffuse
A hope among the watchers that the delaying morn
Would surely come when the Republic should be
born.

XII.

Now the Republic has indeed beheld
The vapors vanish from the western seas,
And day's young magic flash across the leas
Which the wrapt fancy of the climes of eld
Longed for and prayed ; those tense desires
unquelled
By disappointment, merciless defeat,
Have sprung from every overthrow to weld
Anew the dream for which their passion beat ;
Of the Discoverer's heart
Those purposes had part,
And led him forth with inexhausted heat
To make strong Europe's hope the New
World's feat ;
What the worn past has been anhungered for,
Holding all action its sure servitor,
The form of rule to whose large beauty men must
kneel
Appears, a State of States, the Nationed Common-
weal !

XIII.

Not tower but city crowned is your grand brow,
Your limbs prodigious in the strength of
youth,
And in your eyes the awfulness of truth,
Not mail-clad, bringer of the olive-bough,
Holy and tender, with lips sweet from vow

Of help to all men in all continents,
And gracious hands of blessing to endow
With life the hopes to which all time con-
sents ;
The thunder of the mirth
Of the awakening earth
Hailed you from mountains with their snowy
tents,
And utmost shores the scarce-sailed sea
indents ;
At night the passion of the stars looked down
And laughed to see you, and the sombre frown
That gloomed the past-rid lands faded in joy which
came
From you, O mightiest-thewed, and source of
spiritual flame !

XIV.

Yet was the struggle hard ; not a mere gift
Is the great strength which leads to master-
dom ;
Wisdom and just assurance only come
With victory over sordid ills that drift
Around us, and the courages that lift
Into the high are their own best reward.
The agonies were hers which burn and sift,
And her blind powers sometimes held vain
accord
With those whose scornful boast
Was that they harmed her most ;

Around her beat the many-headed horde
Of envy, malice, hatred, and self-scored
She lay with bleeding wounds ; the battle's
rage

But made her firmer, and the dearer wage
Of nobler reverence, self-control, and sight of good,
Was hers as she emerged from that dense earlier
wood.

xv.

One stain remained upon her brow, the mark
Of sin against the soul of brotherhood ;
She who was Freedom's, what fate abject
could

Ally her with the baser crew whose dark
Control plucked selfhood from the crouched
and stark

Corrupted ones, debased from man to thing,
And wreaking on their sterile brains the cark .

And care which are the signs of travelling
With birth of loftier will ?

Yet the hour came to spill

Upon the ground her life-blood and to bring
Her dearest to the altar that the spring

Might be spring unto all ; with forehead bare,
Washed clean of the defilement, miracle-fair ;
She stands, the shadow in her eyes of anguish fled,
Strengthened and conscious of herself, her hopes,
her dead !

XVI.

But newer griefs assail her, lust of gold,
The greed that would have all the world its
own
And silences its ear to sound of moan
Falling from lips of victim, savage hold
Of temporal goods, that grows an uncontrolled
And never-ending madness, these grim ills
Sprang up around her, taunting, scornful, bold;
Whither have fled the stern and potent wills
Who knew to curb the brood
Of evil-doers rude?
Shine forth with glance of perfect scorn
which kills,
O Titaness, and from the hand that tills
These monstrous fields, strike the ill-gotten
gain,
Be loud upon them and transform, restrain,
Show forth the double crime, the land nor grows
nor lives,
Which learns not how to steer 'twixt such alter-
natives.

XVII.

Why should the hungry poor groan in your
borders,
And toil raise gaunt and angry hands of
appeal
For wiser guerdon from the commonweal?

Shall you be blamed like those whom the
recorders
Write in the Book of Grief as vain awarers
Of the great good which is the lot of all?
Nay, Mother, help; surely your deep skill
orders
Your realm so that the noblest issues fall
Unto your diverse sons?
What lack of memory runs
Through your tense soul that you should
fail to call
Your note of warning through your land's
wide hall?
Graceless to grasp for more than is of use,
And give to greed a limitless abuse;
Find way to make your equal sons by right and law
Partakers of yourself and sharers of your awe!

XVIII.

Lo! at the portal stands the Angel Love,
The morning of her presence casts before
An opulent radiance from shore to shore,
Responsive to the light of life above,
And the roused land grows cognizant thereof;
She stands upon the threshold, she would
serve
What her dear heart can yearn for not enough,
Fair sights from which her firm eyes will not
swerve;
She would cast out forever

The demon who can sever
The hands of men, make her own life the
nerve
Of all familiar acts, hold in its curve
Of glad ascent, pure deeds and strong desires,
Tread under foot fast-smouldering envy's fires,
Withhold from grasp of aught that better feeds
another
The strength that is in truth as name to all a
brother.

XIX.

The land thrills with an impulse as of spring,
New fountains bubble underneath the soil,
New dreams of peace float through the night
of toil,
New melodies begin to soar and sing
Within the regions of grim suffering ;
Unto a newer height the goddess leads,
Where brighter blooms their sweeter fragrance
fling
Over warm reaches of benignant meads ;
The path before us dim
Lies in the twilight's rim ;
Soon the new sun will cast from him the
weeds
That yet enshroud him, and a day that
breeds
A deeper love vanquish the dark anew,
A spiritual day with skies of singing blue,

A sea of spirit isled with souls around whom flow
The everlasting streams full of meridian glow.

XX.

Fronting the abyss with smile and brow serene,
The new man comes, self-poised, self-equal,
firm,
Not held within the narrowing senses' term,
Not bound in chains of things but touched
and seen ;
Faith opens outlooks past the vaporous screen
Of time, and the whole world lies bathed in
light ;
His courage is uplifting and his keen
Ardors endow the weak with his life's
height ;
The stars, his charioteers,
Bring truths from utmost spheres ;
All fears lie dead before him, thought and
might
Obey him, and his sun is love and right ;
Victory calls him hers, and lofty joy,
The night and day vicissitudes employ
For him, the sea and air are subject to his nod,
And his divining eyes gaze up and look on God !

XXI.

Here in these waiting days I raise my song,
Catching far gleams from what is sure to be ;

As one who hears the unsighted s3norous
 sea,
And the live pulses in him fiercely long
To mix with those glad pulses and the strong
 World-circling flow, I reach forth to the hour
When subjugate the old tyranny of wrong
 Will range itself beside love's conquering
 power ;
 These accents poor and faint
 But dimly limn and paint
 The centuries-crescent aloe in mid flower ;
 Ah, that a poet of the supreme dower,
A poet such as earlier periods had,
Or full-voiced singer as will surely glad
The expanses of the future would build up the
 theme,
And fashion forth the wonder of the truthful
 dream !

XXII.

Be glad, O land, fling your bright banners
 free,
Rejoice as never land rejoic3d yet,
All injuries forgive, all woes forget,
Send your acclaim from summer sea to sea,
Here at this tide happy and proud are we !
Honor his heart with far heard gratitude,
Who knew you through the gloom and mystery,
Which held and swayed you from the first
 indued !

Let not one voice upraise
An accent other than praise !
O sleepless vigor with intent imbued
To erect a peace in place of old world feud!
Bring from the fruitful south and stalwart north
Your numberless array of treasures forth !
Build the white halls of beauty and within them store
Marvels of thought and hand from every clime and
shore !

XXII.

Also call forth from the high-laboring earth
The wisest and the farthest reaching minds,
The manifold insight that forever finds
The deepening truths of more embracing worth,
Who are the masters of the encircling mirth
In which ideas rise and move and dwell,
Who watch in spiritual skies the pauseless birth
Of stars whose lordships are invincible ;
Not in the pompous past
Has astroscope been cast
Of richer presage, and on no time fell
A lovelier laughter, more enduring spell ;
The earth is harnessed to the care of man,
The air will soon upbear his caravan ;
Towards the bold conquests hearts and eyes are
fixed and bent,
Fresh fragrant winds from the far vales are blown
and sent.

XXIV.

Has Beauty fled the earth ? Had Greece alone
Or the great age when from the painted wall
The thunders of the judgment seemed to fall
The charm to win her ? shall the sculptured
stone
Or forest pile of marble, luminous grown
With the pure sense of love, arise no more ?
Nay, half her magic has not yet been shown,
And she will glow far dearer than before !
Nay, if she only wear
Her uncrowned floating hair,
No more a queen, but woman to adore,
Yet must her dreams be truer, farther soar ;
Sweetest of messengers from the far skies,
The untrembling light of truth within her eyes,
The veiless soul of man as ne'er in ages past
Shall by her touch in finer, fairer forms be cast !

XXV.

The Faiths to whom were given the sacred keys
Of heaven, and who by different mountain
ways
Led upward to the self-same goal of praise,
Each deeming that the opened mysteries
Were hers alone, and that the golden breeze
Blown through the tree of life touched but
such brows
As bore her sign, shall mingle hands and seize

With tears the illumination which allows
The achievement unto each
For which earth's prayers beseech ;
Unto the one white Light arise all vows,
The one white Radiance punctually endows
The creatures everywhere with his own life,
And joy which hath calm purity for wife
Shines in the many-gated city when the song
Resounds to greet each wayworn and victorious
throng.

XXVI.

And Supreme Thought who calls the world
her own,
And passes things and life in full review,
And gains the old truth that is ever new,
Freedom's best guide and counsellor hath
grown ;
There are no fields which her seed hath not
sown,
There are no heights which her feet may
not climb,
There are no dreams which must not hers be
known,
There are no glooms for her in any time ;
Arranger of all life,
And mistress over strife,
She sets the stars in melody and rhyme,
And makes the periods with each other
chime ;

Pouring her hopes into the dark recesses,
Thridding her way through the vague wildernesses,
She fashions, rules, designs, and dwells within the
light,
Which is the heart of hearts, and very sight of
sight.

XXVII.

O fair republics of the warmer sun,
O sister states rejoice amid your flowers,
And take with us the higher-hearted hours
That point to destinies but half begun
And grandeurs from the urgent future won ;
Join hands with us in this our triumph tide,
Send forth the tones in deep-based unison
With Freedom's chorus which is close allied
To the rapt song that springs
From planetary rings ;
Here on the stormy ocean's hither side
We all will say that room must be denied
To aught that savors of a king or crown ;
And you, our sister, underneath the frown
Of colder skies, take part in our mid revelry,
And greeting send to her across the southern sea !

XXVIII.

Into the future one more forward glance !
Raise your great brows, O Titaness, and call

Over to Europe's millions ; let from your
lips fall
The sound that bursts the agonizing trance,
The message that evokes the swift advance ;
Bid war disarm, and cast his helmet down
And show within his wrathless eyes' expanse
The love which lurks behind his fleeting
frown ;
Bring nearer the glad hour
Of congregated power !
Speed you the federated world, the crown
Of time's endeavor ! speed ! so hill and
town
May answer back the rich intelligence,
The song that ravishes both soul and sense,
The friendship of the nations, and the end attained
For which the tears were shed, the ground with
blood was stained !

XXIX.

And those who are the ages' children yet,
The wandering tribes who vaguely dream
and brood,
Held in the bondage of an earth-born mood,
By foes within and foes without beset,
Let not the pity of the world forget ;
Shed light through their grim darkness and
uplift
To generous manhood ; where the woods are
wet

With dew that is not morning's tremulous
gift,
Bring strength and lamplike peace
Whose lustre must increase
Over the earth ; with footsteps light and
swift
Let the soft influence fleet ; into the drift
Lead the cleansed streams of hope and trust
and thought
Until the conquest is more surely wrought,
And love and good fulfill the time, and everywhere
A freeman raises hand and brow unto the air !

xxx.

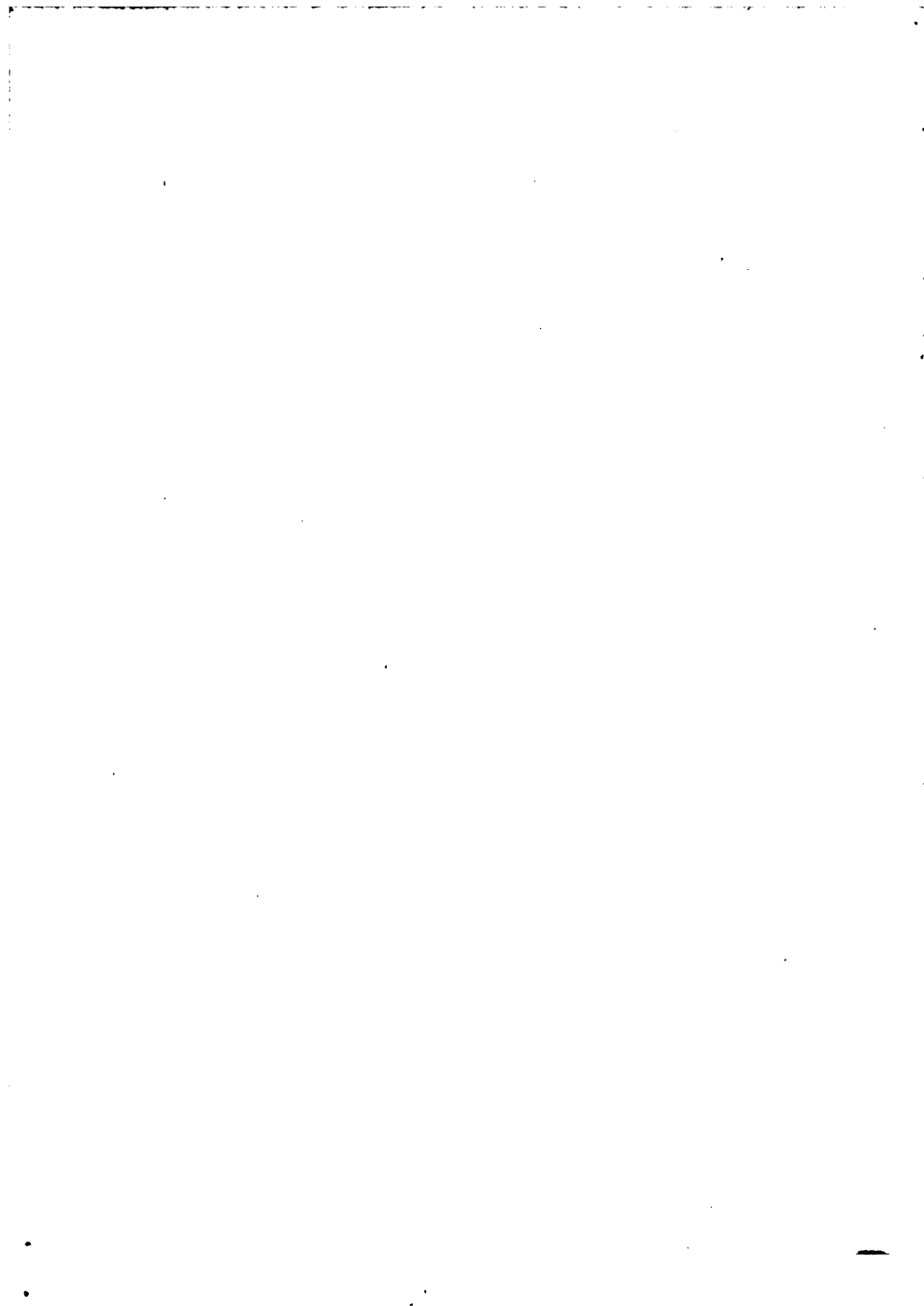
One vision more ! the spiritual city lies
Beneath the sun ; the all-subduing love
Inhabits there as in the realms above ;
As lordly as the blue unclouded skies
Life passes, and the mighty dawn's surmise
Reaches completion, and the deeps on deeps
Of spirit which are seen alone of eyes
Whose watch is kin to power that never sleeps
Are more and more revealed ;
The innermost heavens unsealed
Comfort the heart where no more anguish
weeps,
And open fields which faith forever reaps ;
The truth shines everywhere and strenuous
right
Souls every deed with its transcendent light ;

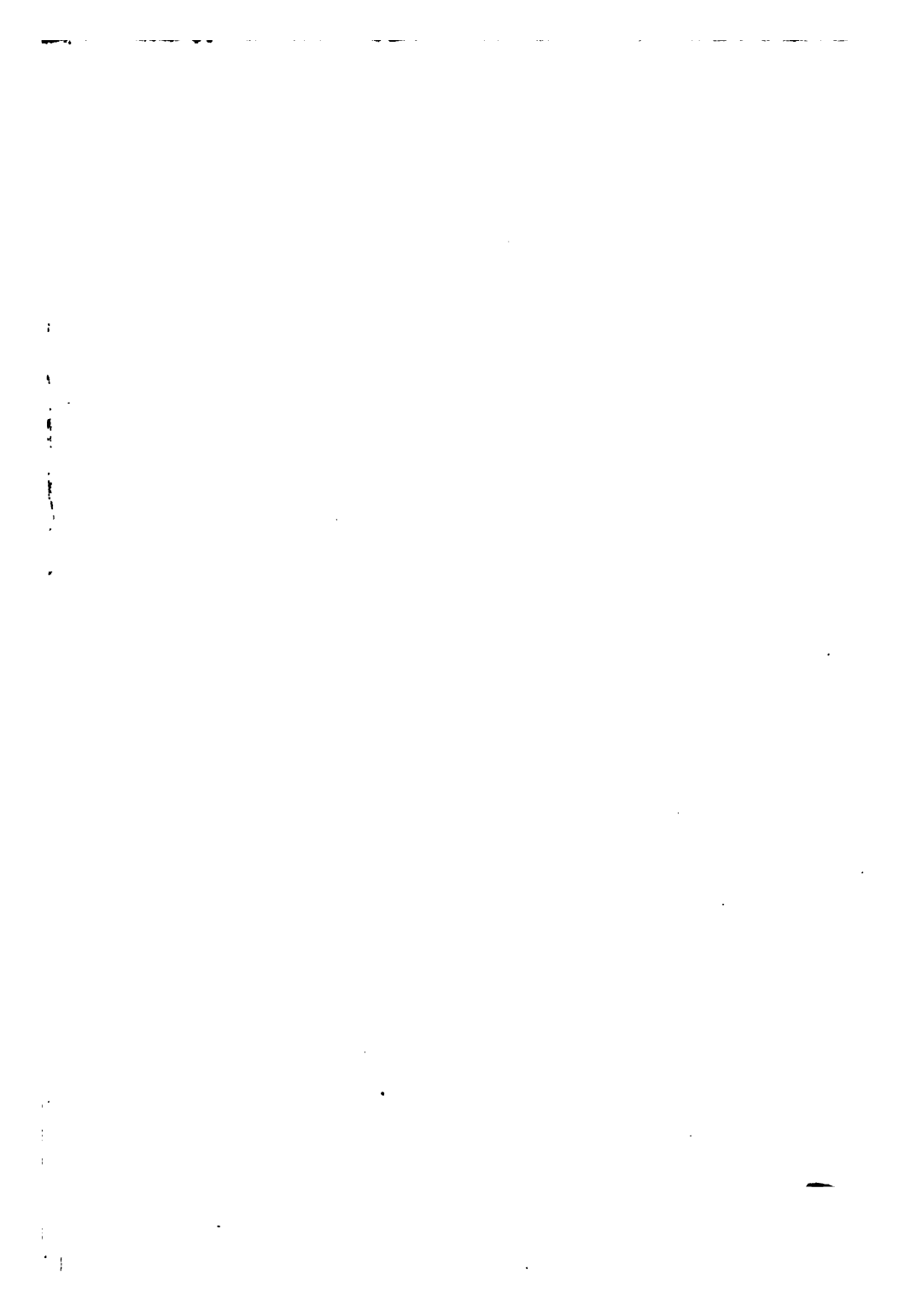
The winds are song itself, the hours are radiance-
fleet,
And fear of death is not, and every toil is sweet !

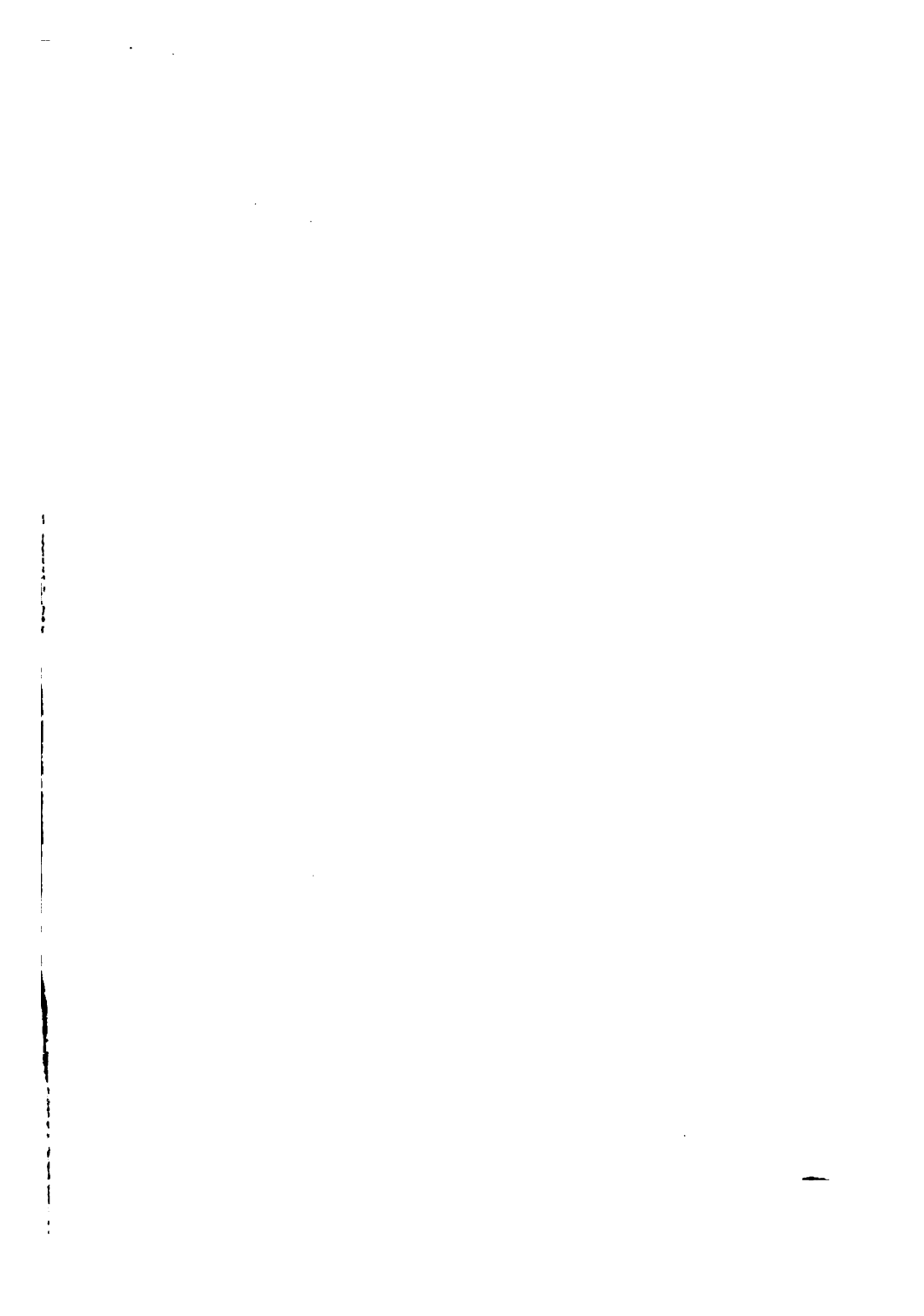
XXXI.

God's Thought rose clear before him and he
said :
 " Lo ! I have fashioned for mine eyes to see
 The mighty miracle of Liberty ;
Unto my will have many wills been wed,
With mine own light have lesser lives been fed,
 With mine own being filled and wondrous
 fire,
The increasing light by which all hearts are led
 Unto the summit of supreme desire ;
 From glowering suns and stars,
 From elemental wars,
 From interflux of powers and savage ire
 That bid the engirding night pause and ad-
 mire,
 From anguish and despair, the wordless brood
 That fills the expanse of forests primal-rude,
I have brought forth that mine unenvying soul
 might know
The lofty love wherewith but Freedom's self can
 glow ! "

THE END.







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